

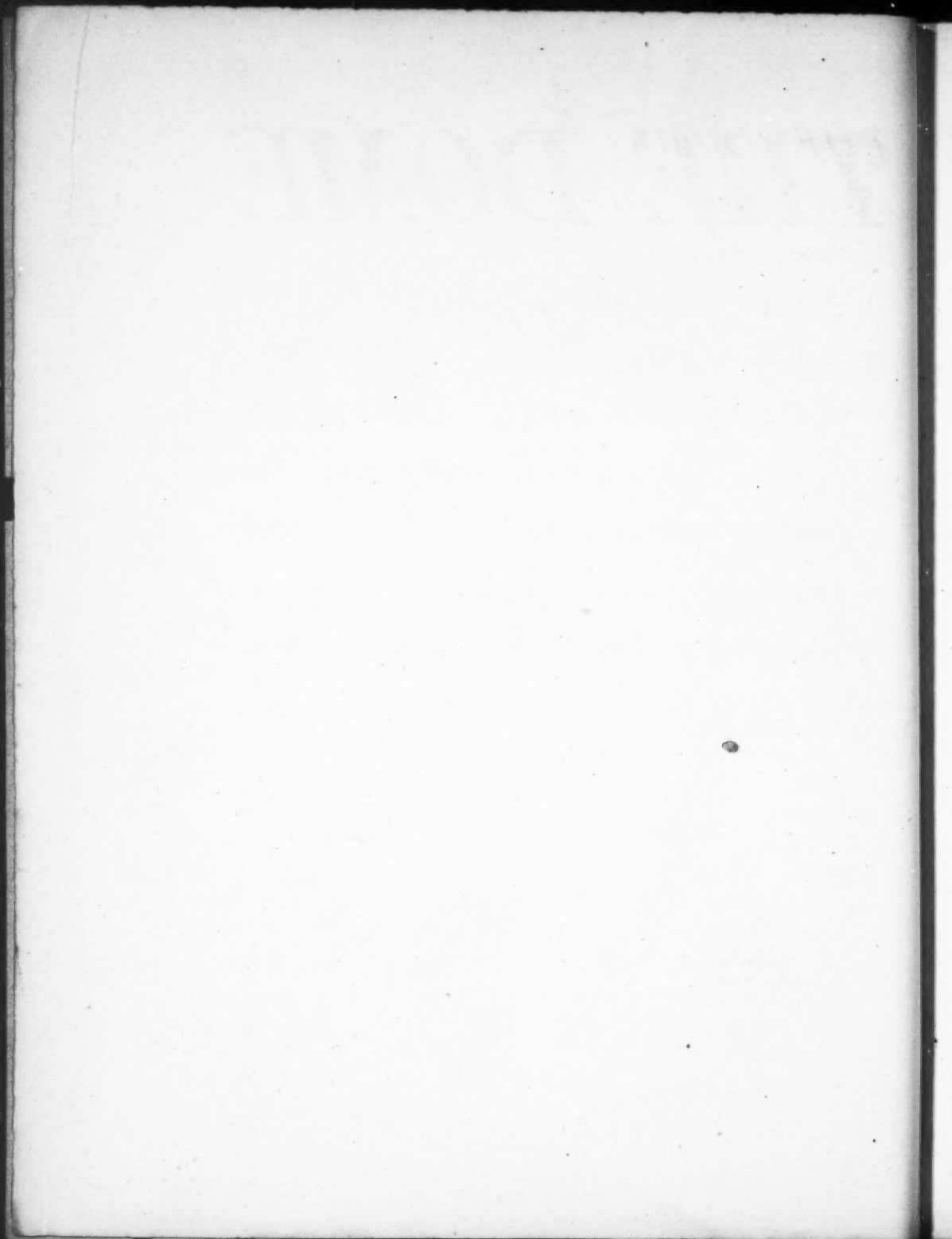
THE DOME. . .

New Series . . .

Volume Five. . .

November mdccxcix to.

January mdcccc. . .



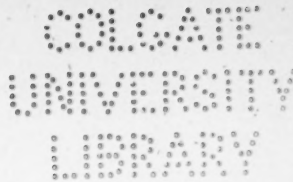
THE DOME

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THE LOVER OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

To Sarojini

A YOUTH OF SHEBA
THE HERALD

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA
KING SOLOMON

THE YOUTH

I LIVE before the Moon of Queens,
I live and die before her sweet,
White, secret, wise, indifferent feet;
And love, that is my life-blood, means
No more to her than summer heat
Or sudden sweetness of the flowers.
O colder than the icy moon,
That hides and dreams all day, to swoon
At night among the starry hours
When the pale night is at its noon!
She, the one whiteness of the earth,
For whom the ardent valley grows
A flame, an odour, and the rose
Finds in the world but wisdom worth
The trouble of the soul's repose.
Kings from the West, Kings from the East,
Have poured out gold, incense, and myrrh
In tribute at the feet of her,
To whom the word of sage or priest
Is more than these, and lovelier
Than battles reddening the plain,

THE DOME

Or cities washed with smoking waves,
 Or far-off continents of slaves
 Bound captive to her anklet chain,
 Or conquest of uncounted graves.
 Kings from the East, Kings from the West,
 Have come and gone, and no man yet
 Has found the frozen amulet
 That seals her heart within her breast.

THE HERALD

Room for the Queen of Sheba, let
 The hearts and knees of all men bow!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O gazer of the stars, draw near,
 I have a tidings for thine ear,
 Now all things are accomplished, now
 The master of the world is here:
 Mine eyes have looked on Solomon.

THE YOUTH

May the Queen prosper in all things!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

The wisdom of the King of Kings
 Is as his God's pavilion,
 Pure gold, and veiled by seraphs' wings,
 Else were it brighter than white light:
 As in a tender sea I bathe
 In brightness, and its waves enswathe
 My inmost spirit with delight.

THE YOUTH

Be all things even as the Queen saith!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

I have unburdened all my soul,
 And he has filled my soul with his;

THE LOVER OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA 7

There is none wiser than he is,
His soul has opened to the whole
World's wisdom, as to happiness,
And wisdom blossoms like a flower
That need but blossom to be fair;
And as the crown upon his hair
His pure magnificence of power
Garlands his going everywhere.

THE YOUTH

The Queen is wiser than all men:
Why should the Queen of Queens bow down
To any wisdom, when the crown
Of wisdom is her own, and when
The soul of wisdom is her own?

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

I am a child before this man;
I have but played with toys, and fought
With shadows, and my little thought
Shrivels before him to a span,
And all I am is less than nought.

THE YOUTH

Madam, the Kings of all the earth
Have been accounted in your eyes
Even as a little dust of spice,
A little fragrant moment's worth;
Yet these, although they were not wise,
Madam, these loved you with a love
That was a shield and buckler flung
About your life, a banner hung
Upon the topmost towers thereof;
And these were mighty, and these young,
And all had died for you, and all
Had lived for you, and all had been,

THE DOME

Being Kings, the servants of the Queen.
Shall Solomon attend your call,
Shall he, a slave with slaves, be seen?

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O youth that speakest these brave words,
Hast thou loved any?

THE YOUTH

Madam, yea.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

And did thy will choose out thy way,
And didst thou love for flocks and herds,
And didst thou love who loved thee, say?

THE YOUTH

Madam, I loved but for love's sake.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Happily?

THE YOUTH

Happily ; in vain.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Wouldst thou be free of love again?

THE YOUTH

O Queen, how gladly would I take
Into my heart a tenfold pain!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Thou lovest well. I would love well.

THE LOVER OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA 9

THE HERALD

Room for the King of Israel! bow
Your hearts and knees before him now;
Room for the King of Israel!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

King of the Kings of earth, hail thou!

KING SOLOMON

O Queen, in Sheba hast thou found,
Among the groves of spice and myrrh,
The honeyed wisdom lovelier
Upon thy moving lips than sound
Of psaltery or dulcimer?

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O King, I have given up my youth
To wisdom; I have sought to find
The secret influences that bind
Star unto star, the grains of truth
Shredded in sand beneath the wind,
The secret dropping in the rain,
The secret hushed among the reeds
And huddled in the heart of weeds;
And I have called across the plain
Wise men whose words are more than deeds,
And I have listened to their speech,
And talked with those Arabians
Whose memory is more than man's,
And read with them the books that teach
The lore of the Egyptians.
And I have given up for this
The joy of love, and all the spring,
And all the garden blossoming
With scents of simple happiness,
And every sweet unthoughtful thing.

THE DOME

I have given up the joys of life
That I might find its secret; lo,
I have attained not even to know
Why, when thou comest near, the strife
That comes and goes and will not go
Out of my heart is strangely stilled.
O King, my wisdom unto thine
Is as a shadow, and no more mine;
Thou in whom wisdom is fulfilled,
Canst thou the word of life divine?

KING SOLOMON

O Queen, I also have enquired,
And sought out wisdom patiently,
And if in all the world there be
More wisdom yet to be desired,
Wisdom is weariness to me.
For wisdom, being attained, but shows
That all things are but shadows cast
On running water, swiftly past,
And as the shadow of the rose
That withers in the mirror glassed.
What shall it profit me to have been
Yesterday happy, if to-day
I am sad, and where is yesterday?
What shall it profit me, O Queen,
When I am dead, and laid away
Under the earth, to have been wise,
To have lived long and ruled with might,
When all the ancient weight of night
Is as a burden on mine eyes,
And all the world is full of light?
There is one secret unto all:
Though life be fair or life forlorn,
Though men bow down to thee or scorn,
Howe'er fate fill the interval,
'Tis better not to have been born.

THE LOVER OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA 11

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O King, how then may we, that live,
Best use the interval that waits
Between the closed and open gates?
How may we best, O King, forgive
For this sad gift the unfriendly fates?

KING SOLOMON

Queen, we may love.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Yet is not love,
As life, illusion?

KING SOLOMON

Even so deep,
That this enchants into its sleep
Even them that know the secret of
The enchanted slumber that they keep.
Love only of illusions brings
The present to the present hour;
Wisdom and wealth and state and power
Promise the future, whose slow wings,
When we have reached it, do but shower
A little travelling dust on us
While groping in the dust we bow;
Love only is the eternal now,
Being of our frailty piteous.
When thou art I, and I am thou,
Time is no more; the heavy world,
As we among the lilies, we
Under the vine and almond tree,
Wake to that slumber, might be hurled
Into the void eternity,
And we not know. Beloved, come
Into the garden dim with spice;
Let us forget that we are wise,
And wisdom, though it be the sum

THE DOME

Of all but love, is love's disguise.
Let us forget all else that is,
Save this, that joy is ours to know,
A moment, ere he turn and go,
And that joy's moment, love, is this.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Beloved, be it even so.

THE YOUTH

He who has found all wisdom out
Is yet too wise to find out love ;
His wisdom and the pride thereof
Is as a cloud folded about
The brightness of the sun above.
He does not know that love is breath
A man but breathes because he must ;
A breath, a bondage, and a trust,
That knows not time, that knows not death,
That knows not love which is but lust,
Nor love which is but vain desire.
He, who is wisdom, does not see
It is from all eternity
Man loves that love which shall not tire
When heaven and earth have ceased to be.
She, for his moment, loves not him,
But wisdom ; let him love, not her,
But love ; I, waiting lonelier
Than even of old, watch out the dim
And shadowy days, that without stir
Into the dusk of years descend ;
I wait, till heaven and earth being gone,
She comes to me to be my own
Until this love come to an end.
Bow down to me, O Solomon !

Arthur Symons.

MAJOR KAY LEMMING

THE Major was at the perplexing age of sixty when our short acquaintance began. There was a good deal of grey in his moustache, his shoulders were slightly rounded, he appeared guilty of much introspection. Nevertheless, an alertness would at times possess his face which made you doubt if he was as old at heart as you had supposed. Is one ever old at sixty—older than, say, at forty-five?

Our friend Gould had his own notions as to the Major's condition.

"Lemming is not old," he said to me one day; "he's dull, bored, bottled-up. The fellow looks old, I admit, but that's his own fault. It would be impious to let him drift on in this way. I shall give him advice."

And he did. I was of the party, and had my eye on the Major from the moment when Gould's sharp voice pricked him to full attention, to the end of the discussion, when he rose, smiled upon us benevolently, and left us to guess at the nature of the impression the advice had made upon him. Now, as to what that advice was, and as to the effects of it, enough will appear in the narrative, written by the Major himself, to which I am hereby giving a preface. The document is entitled "My Confession," and was found among the Major's papers after his death. It was marked: "To be opened by Nathan Gould." On Gould's death it came to me. And the time has arrived, I think, when the stranger is at liberty to read it, if he cares to. Anyhow, here is his chance.

MY CONFESSION

When I left you, my dear Gould, on the day on which you so generously advised me to marry, I had, despite the surprise your

words had given me, a vague, humorous sense of one of the chief factors having been left out of your proposition. At the moment, I confess, I did not think it worth my while to point out this omission to you; but when, on entering my landlady's house, I almost fell over a tin trunk which was most obviously in my way, I concluded that you had succeeded at least in pre-occupying my mind, and that to that extent I was your debtor. Consequently, on entering my sitting-room, I reasoned for myself and against you, as in justice to one who had done me the considerable service of his opposition. Allowing, I contended, that it would be well for me to marry, would it be well for the lady who might become my wife; nay more, was I likely to find the wife I might be supposed to need? To both these questions I could afford to give, so I thought, a direct negative, and in the flush of victory which I claimed to have won over you, I felt more cheerful than I had for years.

But for a moment only. Never before had I given myself so well-measured an assurance on the point—a point, I may remark, my dear Gould, which possibly is as fully charged with hurtfulness for the old as for the young. Was I not far on my way down the hill? Was I not cranky, faddy, somewhat over-serious? Not that I felt enfeebled, dozy, one step nearer kinship with the faded furniture which was shadowed all around me. I was, rather, unexpected by force of experience, and perhaps a trifle cynical by force of thinking. You see, I had never loved since boyhood: to me woman was not unknown, but unappealing: I was so much interested in her that I omitted to worship her. When I recounted the women whom I knew, or guessed, to be capable of marrying, and asked myself which, if any, would succeed in dissipating the melancholy I knew was settling upon me, I was forced to decide that there was not one who could perform that useful office. And if it should seem to you that my point of view was selfish, and in consequence little likely to show me the haven of my being, permit me to suggest that love is of necessity so egregiously selfish as to confuse its object with itself, and to find the indulgence of the one also the indulgence of the other.

The decision was distressing, however, and under its influence I rose from my chair—but only immediately to re-occupy it. The knee which I had banged against the trunk in the hall had become

quite stiff. Who on earth was responsible for leaving the box there? Was I to be annoyed with the rabble of a strange family in the house? I was on the point of ringing my bell and protesting against such carelessness to my landlady Mrs. Jine, when there was a tap at the door, and a girl whom I had not seen before came in.

You will agree with me, Gould, that I am not impressionable, as the phrase goes, and that my eyesight has always been extremely good. So when I say that the girl was extremely beautiful, you will, I trust, even then forbear to smile. Let me describe her to you as well as I can. You never saw her, old friend, so I have some excuse. She was very young—only just sixteen, I learnt; her hair was drawn off her forehead, and hung dark and wavy down her back; her features were all quite small and in perfect proportion; and so rich a red were her lips, so soft a pink her cheeks, and so deep a brown her eyes, that I used to wonder at the blending of the three colours, and to repeat their names to myself with the mechanical reiteration of a child: "Ruby, pink, and tender brown—Ruby, pink, and tender brown." The colours seemed to express her: you knew her by the lights she bore.

But so fragile was she, that when she brought up my tea on this distinguished day, I feared the burden of the tray was too much for her arms, and went as fast as I could to her assistance.

"But I'm quite strong," she assured me. "That's why I've come to help auntie."

"Oh! Mrs. Jine is your aunt?" I asked.

"Yes; mother's sister. Mother's dead, you know, and father too, so I've come here. It's very good of auntie to let me, isn't it?"

I agreed that it was, but I was afraid for so delicate a girl in London air, and working as "slavey" in a lodging-house. And that fear, Gould, was the real beginning of my tale. It stayed in spite of Mrs. Jine's assurance that she could not prevent the girl from working, and in spite of the girl's frank happiness. Do you say that pity is akin to love? Then how much closer a kinship has fear? You pity and pass by; but fear impels contact, one grasp if never another, one moment's shelter, if then the end. So it was as between Lillian and me.

Summer had come, and often she filled with flowers the vases in my room while I was there to watch.

"Aren't they lovely, Major Lemming?" she said one day. "And fancy buying such a lot of goodness for ninepence halfpenny!"

Then she glanced at me to see if I was amused or bored, and finding that I was delighted with her chatter, she picked out a small pretty bloom and held it towards me, asking:

"Will you wear it?"

"If you will fasten it in my coat," I answered.

"Then give me a pin," she demanded.

But before I could make a pretence of looking for one, she had equipped herself for the undertaking, and was approaching me with delicious gravity. When the flower was fixed in my coat, she took a step or two away and surveyed me critically.

"Men and flowers are not quite of a kind, are they, Major Lemming?" she inquired with much seriousness.

"Which do you prefer?" I asked lightly.

"Oh, men," she assured me, without the trace of a blush.

"Men?" I echoed. "Why do you prefer men?"

"Why?" she said, as if puzzled by my question.

"Yes, why?" I repeated.

She came close to me and laid her hands on my arm.

"Because they last longer," she whispered, and, laughing, ran out of the room.

And so it happened that she grew into my life. The fear was killed by vague expectation and by the growing brightness of the welcome she always had for me. The very hopefulness with which I awaited her coming quickened my senses and enabled me to thrust off much of the burden of disappointment with which I had so long contended. A new interest had arisen—an interest as yet ill-defined and little considered, but still a force to be welcomed and to demand of, lest it, too, should pass me by. For think of it!—during those winter months, when it had been the problem of my life to keep her from the cold, I had seen womanhood coming slowly upon her. Physically she was growing, on her tiny scale; her lips were the least trifle firmer; her eyes had a shade more meaning. One evening she appeared before me with her hair twisted up in the fashionable manner.

“Auntie did it,” she informed me ruefully.

“Ah! you’re getting old,” I answered.

“Isn’t it nice to be old?” she asked most innocently.

But I protested ignorance of the subject, and that not without some shadow of excuse. For a wonderful thing was happening, nothing less, in fact, than this: as she was growing older in looks, in thought, I was growing younger. I felt it, I knew it. I found it in the pace at which I walked, in the pitch of my voice, in the light which I saw in my eyes, in the bent of my mind. It filled me with an energy which seemed quite new, it sped me along the streets, bidding me be alert for whatever there might be to notice, and take part in whatever movement, in our set, might be a-foot. But you must remember those days, Gould. You “chaffed” me, and asked if I had taken your advice and married, on the sly. And not content with that, you admonished me not to pay too frequent visits to the club, vowing it was early for matrimonial “departures.” I would not answer, you remember, except by a laugh, but, nevertheless, you set me thinking, wondering, of myself and Lillian. She was seventeen then, and some would have said a woman. Every day I felt more dependent upon her, although I saw less of her than at first, by reason of my newly-awakened interest in the things that had attracted me years before. It seemed as if the knowledge of her presence at home served to give delight even to the places where she could not be: her voice had fallen on ears the more eager through the long spell of their lassitude, her beauty had been imprinted upon eyes the keener that they had for so long a time looked within. And now this voice and this beauty stayed with me as an accompaniment to my pleasures, and while in the new access of my manhood she saw the less of me, it was then that her presence was most often my companion.

I want you to remember that, old friend, for friendship’s sake. It is in reality the soul of the excuse which soon I must put before you. But there is much more to tell of first, though few words will tell it. For I have said enough to show you that the end was bound to be just what it proved to be. Mine was the old story, perhaps with a few unusual features, but still in all essentials, old as the human race. I had fallen in love with Lillian! There is a good half of the simple tale; the other half—well, she had fallen

in love with me. The man of sixty-one, and the girl of seventeen—people laughed, scorned, openly condemned. Ah! but they did not know, they had not heard, nor seen! Listen.

One night she came to me. I thought I saw tears in her eyes.

"I am going away," she said.

"But not for long?"

She did not answer, but stood looking at the floor, as if in profound thought. Yet her hands twitched painfully, I saw.

"But not for long?" I asked again.

"I must," she whispered, and her cheeks became crimson, then almost immediately pale as before.

"Is that all you can tell me?" I asked her.

Her bosom rose and fell at a pace which made me afraid, and I took her hand in mine.

"Is that all, Lillian?"

"You must—guess!"

The flush was over her face again, but I could not divine her meaning. And even while I tried to read her thought, she drew her hand from mine and fell upon the couch, weeping as if her heart was broken. My part was not difficult then: the weakness gave no jar; I could not question it.

Think of me, the old, time-stained lover, shot from the gloom of a lonely evening of life into the full day of exquisite hopes and hourly, undreamt-of delights! It had come to me, that dimly imagined love of woman. I could go back to the years when the passion of youth had smouldered to a critical, aloof middle-age, and I could trace the slow dwindling until nought save belief that my loneliness was inevitable remained to give outline to my life. And then this sudden revolution! There was the kiss of a girl upon my cheeks—a girl who called me sweetheart, and beloved! Youth had won me back to youth; the world put on its brightest colours; the long-lost song of the night told of the revelry to come. Now every old haunt, every old pleasure had to be reconsidered and readjusted. The world opened to a width I had forgotten was possible; I was wild to see it afresh, to probe again into its mysteries, to bask again in its warmth. But I would not go alone. I had one to confide in, to explain to—one who would wonder and suggest, and yet read the whole story of the whole

world as I unfolded it. I laughed at the condition—laughed with the joy which comes of a gift too great even to ask for. In my heart I laughed, as Lillian and I stood by the altar and were made man and wife. The sun burnt on the coloured window beside us, there were jewels of enchanted wonderment in my bride's eyes, the drone of the service was music on the hill-top. But I was eager to be gone. The world was before us, and we must traverse it. Years had slipped by, and I had lost its touch. Lillian and I would experience it together. First, I would take her round London, then to the country, then to Paris, Switzerland—the plan unfolded itself with ease.

And so it came to pass. We hurried along with feverish haste, she breathless with the excitement of strange experiences, I with the excitement of experiences made familiar once more. I told her tales of my earlier days as we watched the sweep of the city's traffic, or the flow of some wood-lined stream. We dined at restaurants, and went the round of the theatres; lived in wayside inns, and woke with the hope that only the breath of the soil can give; watched the sun darken the mountain-peak and redden the snow-field below; read mid the glow of a present security the stories of old in the monuments that men had raised and time had stricken; then hastened on to another scene, another thrill, another desire. I have said I grew younger in those days: when our long honeymoon was ended, my eagerness was not one jot abated. My passion had lain too long inert—a passion for energy of sense and thought, for the making and remaking of emotion.

One day, on our return to town, I said to my wife:

"Come, we'll go up the river."

It was brilliant, though late, summer, and my spirits were high.

"You go, dear," she answered softly. "My head aches."

I ascertained she was not really ill, kissed her, and went. It was the first day we had not spent together. On my return to town I met some old friends, and, excusing myself for staying away from Lillian, agreed to dine with them. Leaving the party as soon as I could, I hurried home and found my wife in bed. I thought she looked pale, but she assured me the headache had gone, and cheerfully insisted on receiving a full account of my doings during the day. And when I had told my tale, she

embraced me with a fervour so intense that it called forth a whisper of wonder.

"You've been away ten whole hours," she whispered back, then laughed at what she called her selfishness, and begged my forgiveness.

"I was wrong to go," I said to pacify her.

But she would not have it so, and insisted that it was needful for me to have friends of my own. Was she not going to have her own particular friends, who would often come and be judicial over teas from which I should be excluded? Then she became dictatorial, and insisted that since we were old-married folk we must forgo some of the franker conditions of living. And so much did she impress the point on me, that I resolved to disregard her words, and try no more experiments. Was I not content, I reasoned, to ensconce myself with her? In her state did she not need me? So day after day, and week after week, we spent together, mostly indoors, for the weather had caught a touch of winter, while often Lillian expressed herself certain that I must require a change of scene and of companionship. Why, I was a young man despite those few grey hairs; and change was good for the young! And true enough, whether young or old, I was often in the mood she described; young or old, I did once again love the whirl of life, from grave to gay, from the hoarseness of the streets to the music of solitude. Nor was this love of mine a doubtful, halting thing. The years of retirement had not taken away the keen edge of my power to enjoy: the second tasting of the sweets had not come to a palate too dulled to enjoy them. In truth, I craved for the bustle, the exhilaration, the joy of the old days, and perhaps in the end I displayed my craving. For one day—it was at Christmas-tide—Lillian aroused me with a start. We were sitting in the dull light of the fire, while the fog brushed the window-panes. We had not spoken for many minutes.

"Kay dear!" Her voice was so beseeching it hurt me.

"Yes, my Lillian."

"Do you remember telling me some months ago that you were content to live just with me?"

"I do, but"—

"Listen, dear"—she interrupted me—"I am not very strong and cannot go about much at present, but I am so proud of what

I have done for you. When I came here you were just a stay-at-home old bachelor, but now you are so active and alert, so full of 'go' and spirit, that I begin to think I must be the older of the two."

A fit of coughing seized her before I could speak, but when it had ceased I took her panting form in my arms and made my assurances once again. On and on I went with the words that I fancied would soothe her best, and for a while she clung to me desperately. Then she drew back and read deeper and deeper into the thoughts which were tempting me, until I knew that speech was no longer needed between us.

"If you will not make your life happy for your own sake, do so for mine," she pleaded. "I like to see you come home bright and fresh and gay: I want you to 'live'—*while you may*."

The last words struck me hard. "While you may!" There was terror in the suggestion. I imagined myself enfeebled, scarce able to crawl from room to room; I saw the outside world slipping away from me, and leaving me but the prospect of the end; I heard my wife's voice tenderly persuasive as the voice of a mother to an ailing child. A great fear sprang upon me—the fear of opportunities lost for ever, of sensations never to be known again. It was my last chance—assuredly my last! How little I had lived! How much I might have lived! The girl had cut with her solicitude the last threads of the bond. My love for her was no less: it was my love of the spinning world which was the greater. The supreme gift of my marriage was one I could not then share even with my wife. She bade me go and take my pleasures, and I would obey. She was young—a child; in ten years a life of retirement would not be a matter of choice with me. She was unhappy while I sacrificed myself, so I would give her peace, and find in the crowd the spirit which never left it.

Lillian saw my keener spirits, and urged me on with an excitement which made the race of my life as wild for her as for me. "While you may! while you may!" The cry shaped my every thought and act. I told myself that my thoughts were in harmony with those of the only person entitled to be heard, that my conduct was sanctioned by the only authority which had power over me. Yet now I can hear the moan behind the door which was shut upon my restlessness. Say if you will that the sport was

innocent enough; the fact remains it was sport. I had more to give, but I was ready to be indulged. The fastenings of the mask which Lillian wore were cleverly hidden, but my search for them was not keen. Yet often it happened that I pictured her pale face when the scene was least congruous, often I was eager for her quick touch, and hastened away to bend over her bed. For now she was in a weaker state than ever before, and seldom left her room.

One evening when I entered the house, Mrs. Jine came to me.

"I'm afraid she's worse, sir," she said.

Her manner was hesitating, and I waited for what else she might have to say.

"I've thought, sir—you'll excuse me—that perhaps if you were to—you see, sir, she often talks of you when you're out, and wonders what you're doing, so I thought that perhaps if you were to"—

She broke off in evident fear of expressing herself freely—a fear which, it seemed, aroused my anger.

"You mean to say I neglect my wife, Mrs. Jine?" I demanded.

"No, no, sir." The poor woman was in an agony of doubt and desire. "I think you don't quite understand *her*, sir. She's so tender—she won't speak—but she needs so much in her way—more than she knows, sir."

I had heard enough, and rushed up to Lillian's room. She was looking at the strip of grey evening sky which showed between the window-curtains, while slowly and caressingly she turned her wedding-ring on the finger now far too small for it.

"You've had a good time, dear?" she asked.

"Capital!" I assured her. "Bobby Ansell has been telling us of his Afghanistan trip. Afterwards we went to the Colonel's, and everybody asked after you."

"Oh, I'm better, Kay. Auntie and the doctor are so good to me."

"So good that you don't need your poor old husband?" I asked jokingly, trying to enliven both her and myself.

She started and pressed my hand frantically. Her breath came hard.

"I always need you," she whispered.

"To-night we'll have a real jolly time together," I told her.

"To-night!"

A flush of hope rushed into her face. Then suddenly she turned to me as if in entreaty.

"But I forgot, Kay—you're giving a dinner to Ansell to-night."

"I can easily explain," I said confidently.

But she fixed upon me a look I could not fathom, although I knew she was reading me to the last, the merest, of my fancies.

"You had better go," she said feebly.

"Let me stay," I begged.

"They'll expect you. Go, and tell them how much better I am."

I still hung back.

"For my sake, Kay!"

She was trembling so violently, I took her in my arms without speaking.

"You will go?" she whispered some minutes later.

"Yes, dear," I answered readily, for I had decided on the course I would adopt.

Then she released herself and closed her eyes. I went to my room to dress. She kissed me as passionately as ever when I wished her good-night, but not another word passed between us. As I stepped out into the street, I took care to close the door noisily. My watch told me it was seven o'clock. For ten minutes I paced the street, then stealthily re-entered the house. No one saw me. Creeping up the stairs, I heard voices in Lillian's room. A few steps more and I could catch every word that was spoken.

"Auntie, you're wrong. He loves me—I made him go. If he had stayed"—here the voice broke wild and agonising—"Oh, my dearest, if you had stayed because you *could* not go"—

I heard her fall back among the pillows; I heard Mrs. Jine speak soothingly. Then I entered the room.

"Lillian!"

She turned to me a face of stone, which the next moment was lighted with supreme joy. She flung her arms around my neck.

"I did not understand," I whispered, then suddenly grew chilled with fear.

Mrs. Jine had slipped from the room. I called her back. Lillian was dead in my arms.

Arthur H. Holmes.

APOLOGIA PUERILIS

WHEN youth finds itself at variance with an older generation, the discovery is not generally supposed to bring with it any very painful sense of humiliation. And certainly the differences that divide one generation from another form, as it were, a watershed which sends all such human sensations as humiliation or personal pain down the elders' slope, and leaves to the youngsters the impersonal resentment, the sense of outraged justice. Boys and girls are here at one—blank unadorned justice is their first deity; and the child who has sufficient humanity to cover her up with the embroidered robes of personal consideration may be canonised without further delay.

The clear passion for abstract justice fades away gently before the advancing pressure of warmer actualities; but there is another set of sentiments, misty and of later birth, that die, also, in their turn, and it is on their account that youth may feel humbled and ashamed, not in the presence of an older generation, but when it is brought face to face with the elders of its own generation, the true elders, those who are secretly addressed as Rabbi. They are the masters whom the young man follows in the urgent questions of taste and principle: their pictures, their writings, their opinions, reviled by the fathers, have gone home unopposed to the youngster, bearing to him the message of the hour. He is separated from them by nothing more vital than the few years that have given them the start and set them in the forefront of the ranks in which he too is marching; and it is before the young master, above all others, that the youngster trembles. And the young man's "elders" are no rarities. Not only the master here and there, but the master's brothers and friends, and all such as have any appearance of being in the movement with a semblance of

authority. Anyone, it might almost be said, who is appreciably older and still young, must hold himself prepared to be taken as an elder. An anxious thought, no doubt, to one who would go his road with as much kindly consideration for his fellows as the arrangements of this world permit.

If he have the good luck to meet one of these heroes, the youngster would fain use his opportunity well: show his enthusiasm, his understanding, his gratitude; and so, when he finds that he is tongue-tied, his dissatisfaction with himself is distressing: he goes away humiliated, knowing that he is not quite the unintelligent, unsympathetic, silent, thoughtless dog he appeared. For he has thoughts enough and to spare—intelligent thoughts; he is conscious, moreover, that the really sympathetic compliment would be to give himself away in harmony with the hero; and the hero, too, is just the man, he fancies, to understand and appreciate the thoughts given in compliment, the best return he has, though it be but an ox for a hecatomb. And behold, all that is best in the youngster, the sensitive edges of feeling, the sentimentalities, the freshness, the belief,—all those things that are the reality to him,—have no chance of an appearance.

See him, by a favour of fortune, summoned to meet his hero one hot Sunday evening in late June, on his way to dinner, in a state of pleasurable expectation. Linger over him a moment: he will repay consideration. Everything delights him on this propitious evening, but above all the recollection of a call he has paid an hour or two before. He looks out upon a world that is coloured by the pleasure he felt in seeing, just on this hot afternoon, a daughter of the house, his superlative dancer of the season, very tall and slim and dressed in white. She was not displeased to see him; but chiefly she was keeping herself cool: sitting in the likeliest draught, caring little what he said and saying less herself, carefully motionless, except that now and then she would let her hand slip from her lap and hang by her side, only to replace it on her lap or rest it a moment gravely on her hip. What a length of body! what a length of pretty white dress! He had caught her in her own home, that hot afternoon, admirably immovable, and in a state of selfish, imperturbable quiescence that had in it for him a suggestion of intimacy. Had it been possible, she would not, perhaps, have minded his staying; and now he

wonders, a little longingly,—what will she be doing all the long hot Sunday evening after dinner? It is hardly conceivable that a charming girl could ever be dull. Would he stand higher in her eyes if she knew how he was to be honoured—if she could see him chatting at dinner with the hero? And then, as he nears his destination, his latest effort in his work, his tall partner, the dance next week, the blazing Opera last night, the master this evening, Beethoven, Balzac, the waning summer light, the trees at the corners of the squares—a hundred sweet sensations bubble up in one stream to his head, like the level flushing of a blow-hole at high tide.

Remark that, within his limits (and they are fairly extended), the youngster is at his best in this moment—warm, ready to respond. And then see that he has hardly entered the presence of his hero when he feels hot all over at the thought of—well, he hardly dares for shame even to think of the word “dance”; nor can he comfort himself with the pretence that he goes to a dance as to a mere social function, and he groans inwardly that he should look forward to such a thing like any silly girl, and be so eager to capture the programmes (programmes!) of the right partners. And the evening is not a quarter over before the hero has said twenty things that make the tall white girl equally impossible. Just the daughter of a lawyer or something, nineteen years old, with elder sisters and younger sisters and brothers and a father and a mother, all living the usual family round in a family house, and enjoying dances and the theatre—who on earth is she that he should look up to her as a mysterious superiority, whom he must try hard to please, and think about a dozen times a day? It is as if the master had offered him a lemon to bite into; and so if he is kind enough to ask the youngster about his work, he has no intelligent answer to give: the little difficulties he might have related cannot be trotted out in the chill air, and he cannot even be intelligently sympathetic, as he would wish, when the master speaks of himself. He is far from home, out of his sphere, and it is with a sense of humiliation that he becomes aware of a longing to be back again in the ordinary safeties of his familiar everyday life, where he can sail an uninterrupted course in his own boat.

It is unfortunate also—though this is a lighter matter—still

it is unfortunate that something about the youngster's bland faith in the accepted divinities is so like to send a critical chill into the elder's attitude. As the master talks . . . well, Brahms appears to be remarkable chiefly for a lack of the genial quality of free invention, and Mr. Whistler only for his limitations; Zola's courage loses its glamour; Tolstoi becomes tiresome; and, of course, Sarah Bernhardt frivols *manière* through a rôle until she reaches the situation she can tear to shreds. The idols, whose stability is necessary to the youngster's peace of mind, begin to nod upon their pedestals.

Or, to return and cast, for a moment, a more intimate glance upon the youngster: he may at times be troubled by the doubtful vagaries of an imagination that is not always too presentable, and his odd little struggles in this field appear almost as laughable and paltry as the imaginative misdemeanour itself, when he is in the presence of the man of the world who has solved any such difficulties otherwise. The solution, moreover, is apparently satisfactory, and this appearance of certainty widens the distance between them beyond the youngster's comprehension. The man, it would seem, can turn round and proceed with untroubled head to set his palette or take up his theme where he left it, as if he had a double personality. For he has put the various factors of his life into their separate compartments, he has made his divisions, and so is master of himself. Whereas all the things that occupy the youngster's thoughts make up one whole: they melt together in a common haze of expectation. You may note this in his dedicatory fever. He would print a name or initials on his fly-leaf, not for gratitude or policy, but with the desire to prick some flower of personal sentiment into the grey weaving of his free imagination—to make his work in some sort an appeal, a claim upon life.

It is only when this unity is allowed that the youngster appears at his best, and it is so seldom allowed—very rarely by the young masters. Not that he will own to disappointment, or admit that the hero speaks cynically; for he is loyalty itself, and the abashed do not judge. Only as he sits fingering his wine-glass, he is inwardly occupied the while trying to rise above the cynicism: finding explanations, connections, excuses, condemnations of himself; and how can a mind so engaged give anything worth having

in conversation? He is prevented by himself, and this is the young man's egoism: not exactly selfish, and more of a burden to himself than to others. If he is distressed that he can say nothing better than "yes," it is only because he is eager to do more honour. He might confess, if it were his custom to face any point-blank interrogation, that neither the white girl, nor any other girl he has met, goes far, goes any way, to contradict the elder's attitude of general disbelief. At times, indeed, he will make an outrageous show of disbelief himself; but on his own account; hardly in response to the cynicism of experience. For he is only cynical with comfort when he is conscious that his feelings give the lie to every word he speaks.

And whether the master is patently cynical or not, he has made his divisions: he no longer mingles one thing with another, he is certain, and he no longer expects; and so he is sure to hurt the boy one way or another. For the youngster carries his intimate privacies about with him far more than the man of experience—he is indeed perpetually engrossed in himself. And he is not to be shaken out of his kingdom; he must remain within its boundaries. But though he cannot overstep them, they may be extended indefinitely. In the presence of the young master they contract until he is only conscious of his uncomfortable smallness at a moment when he would fain be big. For he has not sufficient assurance to procure his violent enlargement, and impose on others anything so indeterminate as his own self. A youth is particularly cramped by the fallacious belief that youth is not justified in itself; so is he ashamed of the difference between himself and the elder, and is by no means likely to think: "I, with my illusions"—though illusions, of course, are not illusions until they are lost—"live as fully as he does with his experience." It is the last thing in the world that is likely to flash a comfortable assurance into the troubled mind of the youngster.

On his way home, after the interview, the boundaries will gradually fall back, and he will begin again, somewhat ashamed, but with a growing sense of security, to range at will over the oft-trodden paths. Before long he will probably be sacrificing the hero on the altar of the white girl, asking himself whether he shall tell her at the next dance where he dined on Sunday. She need not fear for her empire; her sceptre is of iron, and will resist the

shaming attacks of many masters. She need not hold out a finger nor move an eyelid. For the present, and for some time to come, her sway over his imagination is complete, her throne unassailable; for of all the things that exist for him, she can be most easily made to fit into the charmed circle that unites all his possessions. Not that his peculiar attitude stands him in any good stead in her eyes. The puerile delicacies, the hazy unity of his ideas, are not for her comprehension. He is singularly alone. And it is of the essential humour and prettiness of his situation (for there are no dividing lines in the picture of youth) that the very hopes and thoughts, that so separate him from the rest of the world, should bear him such close company as hides his loneliness from his own eyes.

Divide et impera, and as yet he is no ruler; for boundary-lines have not cut in across and across to fix the shifting tribes that people his map, a map on which you may see many unexplored spaces, blank but for a scroll enclosing a guess as to the configuration of the land. As on the Africa in the Gotha Atlas of sixty years ago, hundreds of miles south of the "Wendekreis des Krebses," we read: "Am Ogooäwai 20 Tagereisen aufwärts soll das Land kultivirt, voll Ortschaften u. kleiner Königreiche seyn," "Nach den neuesten Berichten soll hier ein hohes Gebirge seyn, dessen Gipfel mit ewigem Schnee bedeckt?" "Warscheinliche Verbindung des Mond-Gebirges mit der Hochterrasse (Ritter)." He is only at home when he is not unduly disturbed in his dream of the cultivated land that "soll" be there, the "Ortschaften" and the little kingdoms. And until the Mountains of the Moon, with their snows, have melted before his exploring footsteps, or the "Verbindung" is clearly marked from his own observation, and not located as it pleases his fancy, or according to tales told by other knight-errants, he must perforce be content to remain worse company to others than he is to himself.

Oswald Sickert.

EIGHT PLATES

ILLUSTRATING "GOOD DRAWING" BY C. J. HOLMES

1. A STUDY FOR A HOLY FAMILY. After MICHELANGELO.
2. A STUDY OF A HEAD, etc. After RAPHAEL.
3. DEATH. After DURER.
4. AACHEN. After DURER.
5. JACOB AND ESAU. After REMBRANDT.
6. TWO GIRLS' HEADS. After WATTEAU.
7. A GIRL IN A BLACK DRESS. After WATTEAU.
8. A STUDY OF A MAN WITH A BASKET. After WATTEAU.

*All these Plates are Reproductions of Drawings in the
British Museum.*

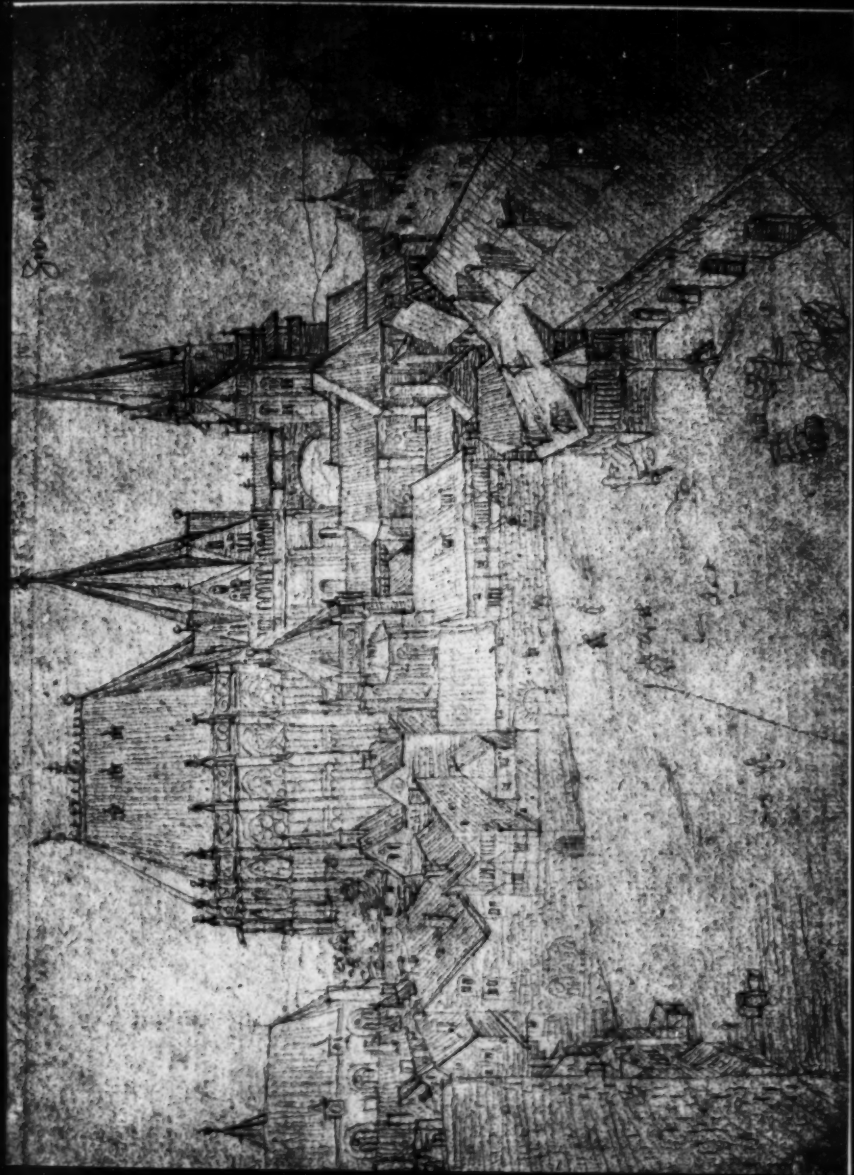




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GOOD DRAWING

MOST large collections of drawings possess certain treasures which are regarded with especial reverence, which are catalogued as Important, and which aged connoisseurs handle with fear and trembling, thinking of the appalling figure the things would fetch at Christie's. Such works cannot be confounded for a moment with a sketch of a composition dashed off in a few moments of fiery inspiration, with chance memoranda of something unexpected in the pose of a hand or head, with notes of momentary gesture, of fleeting light and shadow, or of some fortunate combination of masses or lines. The "finished study" stands quite apart from these casual trifles. It is a thing complete in itself,—a compendium of the knowledge, skill, and patience of its maker, a *tour de force* done to convince a patron, to overwhelm an enemy, or to show the general public where it will get good value for its money. Its original purpose was in fact precisely similar to that of the examination essay, into which the skilful candidate crams all with which he himself has been crammed; of the stippled and polished studies that students prepare for "art" competitions; or, ascending higher, of the ringleted quill pens and bubble-backed swans framed and exhibited by provincial writing-masters.

It must not be supposed for a moment that, in its own sphere, this purpose is not absolutely right. If a man is in for an examination, he is a fool if he doesn't show off his knowledge to the best advantage. His essay is intended to catch the immediate notice of a busy examiner, not to compel the homage of some unborn Augustan Age. The student who can arrest nature with the unstudied ease of a Rembrandt, would be wise to hide his genius in a competition, and do what would best please his drawing-

master. The professor of Calligraphy exhibits his amazing flourishes because he has to attract his public somehow, and swans and quill pens are the recognised trade channel for such advertisements. An artist, for similar reasons, may have to make an elaborate drawing, and, as a matter of business, he is perfectly justified in so doing. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly unlikely that the work produced under these conditions will be artistic.

Though too often only an evidence of fashion, avarice, or vanity, pictorial art, like poetry or music, owes its true *raison d'être* to its power of giving pleasure. When it ceases to do this, it has no right to be. It is a truism that this power of giving pleasure is but a reflection of the pleasure felt by the artist during creation.

The old definition of art as "things seen through a temperament," if not exact, is at least fairly near the truth. The closer, then, that we get to the temperament of a great artist, the fewer the obstacles that mar its reflection, the keener will our pleasure in art be.

This being so, it is curious that the section of the public which is interested in pictures should have paid comparatively little attention to the drawings of the great masters. In them the question as to the draughtsman's interest in his work is answered at once, because but little allowance has to be made for complications of technique. In a drawing a great artist reveals his intentions to us so directly, that we seem to catch his genius in the act of creation. The best proof that the test of Interest above suggested is no mere fad, is the fact that only the drawings of the very greatest masters can stand it. Among the examples which the editor of *The Dome* has allowed me to reproduce, no specimen of the finished drawing made for show will be found. Such drawings by the very great masters are exceedingly rare—so rare that the execution of any quantity of them is *ipso facto* a sign of mediocrity. The greatest masters always make drawings for their personal use or their personal pleasure, rarely or never to please other people.

At first sight it would be excusable to mistake the study by Michelangelo as a thing done for show, and perhaps accidentally left uncompleted. So much anyone quite unacquainted with that master's spirit might guess from the degree of finish to which the

figure of one of the holy children has been carried. Yet it is not fantastic, I think, to refer this finish to another cause. Michelangelo has left a saying on record to show that he was neither a draughtsman nor a painter, but essentially a sculptor. The building of St. Peter's and of the Laurentian Sacristy, the fortification of Florence, an exquisite series of sonnets, the painting of the Sistine ceiling and of a few easel pictures, of which our National Gallery is fortunate enough to possess at least one authentic specimen, were but the casual amusements or the office work of one whose true *métier* was the carving of Man in stone. Even in his painting he is always thinking of the sister art. Alike in the early Madonna in the Tribune of the Uffizi, and the colossal history of the Creation of Man painted many years later for the Vatican, he can conceive of a picture only as sculpture represented on a flat surface. So in his drawings it is not of paint and canvas and the conventions of wall-decoration that he is thinking, but of rigid forms cut from the solid rock.

The drawing reproduced is evidently a study for a Holy Family in marble. The very sketchiness of two of the figures suggests the roughness of the half-hewn stone, a roughness in its way as attractive as the loose, rapid strokes in a painter's sketch. The finish of the child's figure is not a mere accident. Michelangelo's ideal of sculpture differed radically from that of the Greeks. With them a statue was a thing complete in itself, having no purpose but sheer beauty, and as clearly separated in intention from any ideas of human passion or abstract thought as the white marble was separated from the sky behind it. The sculpture of Michelangelo is impregnated with that more intense humanity of which Giotto and Dante were the heralds. With the Greeks the feeling of Life was best manifested by utter naturalism,—perhaps the true touchstone of sculpture. Michelangelo's philosophy is less simply serene. For him Life ever walks hand in hand with Death; often in the Sonnets one might think Death was the one certainty, and Life existed only on sufferance. So in all his finest and most characteristic work the creation of Life by Art is always accompanied by some hint of the brute matter in which that Life has its birth, to which it must return. As he grows older, that remnant of rough stone—a mere scrap on the head of the David—spreads and clings more and more to the figures, till at last

the greater part of his work is only half hewn, and from this earthy matrix some single figure alone, as in the marble group at Burlington House, emerges into the fulness of life. Michelangelo's drawing in the British Museum is interesting because it represents this attitude at its climax,—regret, nay almost pity, for the half-certainty of the Resurrection, that must always be preceded by the certainty of Death.

In the silver-point study by Raphael there is nothing of this wistful speculation. The sketch of a head is remarkable only for its exquisite beauty, and the simplicity of the means employed to get so perfect an end. It was evidently done when Raphael was still a young man, with the serene fairness of the faces painted by his master Perugino as his artistic ideal. In the oval of the face, the shape of the features and the poise of the head, more than a trace of that ideal still survives, though the rather monotonous archaic sweetness is tempered by a purer taste and a wider knowledge. How that knowledge grew we may guess from the second sketch upon the sheet, the fingers of an outstretched hand drawn very carefully, with an especial desire to mark clearly the squareness of the bones at the knuckles—the squareness that gives character and structure. Indeed, this emphasising of the strength of the bony structure underlying the delicate roundness of the flesh is so characteristic of all Raphael's work, however slight and graceful it may seem at first sight, that it is an almost infallible test by which the work done by the master's own hand may be distinguished from the unbroken curves and polished modelling of his pupils and imitators. It is this union of temperate scholarship with a consuming passion for beauty that made Raphael's drawing the model for subsequent ages. The causes that have led to the decline of his reputation as a painter were indicated in a previous article on Vandyck. His drawing does not suffer in the same way. Our modern taste for obvious force and imagination may lead us to prefer the work of men like Michelangelo, or Durer, or Rubens, or Rembrandt, but this preference must always remain a strictly personal matter, and cannot be used as a basis for comparison. One age will be in love with scholarship and prefer the qualities in art which may most rightly be called classical, the next will be in love with the more personal vigour we associate with the word romantic. As a type of perfect scholarship,

Raphael ranks with Sophocles and Milton and Virgil. That our own generation should be in love with Æschylus and Shakespeare, with Michelangelo and Rembrandt, is perhaps more a matter of fashion than we are apt to think. Raphael's drawings are at least a proof that scholarly art need not always be dull or formal.

It is impossible here to give more than a few of the thoughts suggested by the studies of Michelangelo and Raphael which are reproduced in the present number of *The Dome*; and it is necessary to take leave of these great Italians, so widely different in their gifts and interests, in order to consider briefly the drawings of two or three Northern masters of hardly inferior reputation.

The two sketches by Durer are chosen from the magnificent collection in the British Museum because they not only illustrate admirably the definite artistic interest which makes a drawing excellent, but also give us an idea of the two chief elements in the master's remarkable personality. In the allegorical study we see the sterner side of his nature. Here the perfection of technical accomplishment and the grandeur of design that give him his place among the world's most wonderful draughtsmen are allied with the strain of rather defiant melancholy which he may have inherited from his Hungarian ancestry. The whole thing must have been dashed off in a few moments of concentrated passion, so that the terrible *Memento Mei* above this vision of the Rider on the Pale Horse would seem to indicate a mood of fatalistic enthusiasm very far removed from the regret, nay the pity, with which Michelangelo regards our common doom. It would not be fantastic, I think, to regard the drawings of the two men as typical instances of the difference between the spiritual attitude of Northern and Southern Europe at the close of the fifteenth century. Michelangelo's world is become cynical with culture, and in it religion survives only as a philosophical allegory paraded for social and political reasons. Durer's life was passed in Germany, still aglow with the activities of a religious revolt, whose chiefs were his personal acquaintances. Thus, when he thinks about Death, he sees in it only one more inducement to turn to his Bible and prepare for the inevitable change. One can even fancy him smiling as he designs the large woodcut of the Riders of the Apocalypse, where Death and his companions gallop over a prostrate crowd, in which a king and a

pope lie fallen right under the trampling hoofs. The little view of Aix is a drawing done from sheer delight in the intricacies of the spires and buildings, as expressed in firm delicate lines. There is no attempt at introducing any deeper or more spiritual sentiment, no confusion of interests. The thing was drawn to satisfy the personal mood or the personal need of a moment, and has done neither less nor more. That alone is enough to make it a good drawing.

Public interest has so recently been directed to Rembrandt by the Exhibitions in Amsterdam and London, that it is unnecessary to deal with him at length in this place, even though he is perhaps the master draughtsman of the world. He has not those peculiarities of personal taste or of national fashion which leave Durer, or Hokusai, or Watteau as the artists of one country rather than of the whole world. Michelangelo's drawings are the drawings of one who is not interested in drawing except as an aid to sculpture. Rubens and Holbein are interested in it only as an aid to painting. Leonardo was a god-like amateur whose technical resources were limited—his drawing is always exquisitely delicate, but the method of execution is so invariably the same as to have almost the appearance of a formula. Not the least remarkable characteristic of Rembrandt's drawing is its flexibility,—the way in which it is varied infinitely, according to the nature of the subject and the time at the artist's disposal. This can be seen easily enough in the collection at present exhibited in the British Museum. From that collection I chose the little pen study of *Jacob and Esau* for reproduction, because it would not have to be greatly reduced, and because it shows admirably the qualities to which Rembrandt owes his reputation.

I did not compare Rembrandt as a draughtsman with Raphael, because the computing of any balance between their respective gifts must always be a personal matter. If beauty and scholarship count with you far more than insight and creative force, you will in Art prefer Raphael to Rembrandt, and, in Poetry, Milton to Shakespeare. It is wisest, perhaps, not to carry the comparison too far, and to rest content with the peculiar pleasure that each variety of genius can convey. In reading his Bible, Rembrandt was evidently struck with the contrast between the two brothers—between the strong, careless hunter, and the smooth, crafty

Jacob. He makes a rapid pen-sketch, and Esau and Jacob are before us. Esau, a stout, frank cavalier, with long curly hair, sits down anyhow on the bench opposite his brother, and impetuously stretches out his hand to close the fatal compact. But it is the Jacob who is the masterpiece. The head is hardly more than an outline, with the features hastily dotted in, but one feels instantly that we have the real Jacob before us—the hard, practical face, with the shifty grey eyes lighting for a moment with the thought of the splendid bargain he is driving, while his left hand still grasps the bowl of pottage, which he has no intention of handing over till the transaction is complete. Of the technical quality of the drawing and the spacing of the composition on the paper it is unnecessary to speak. As far as the subject is concerned, it is practically exhausted by this single sketch—just as a great poet will often sum up in a single sentence things that fuller minds express less perfectly in several volumes.

In Watteau's work we find insight of a different and inferior order from Rembrandt's, much less imagination, and a sense of beauty more natural, perhaps, even than that of Raphael. Raphael's beauty always carries with it a suggestion of conscious knowledge; the refinement of Watteau has always something in it so instinctive as to seem half feminine. The world which he understands so thoroughly is a woman's world, dainty and coquettish enough, but a very small and personal place. Watteau could never rank, as he does, with the great masters, were it not for the perfection with which he handles his scanty materials. This perfection, too, is more marked in his drawings than in his paintings, which are rather unequal in quality. The two studies of a girl's head in the present number show how he could render the delicate details of feminine character with an economy of work that is more evident in the original than in the reproduction. The same thoroughness marks the modelling of the man's head in the last study. It is also a beautiful example of Watteau's skill in drawing hands. Not being interested for the moment in the body, he indicates it merely by a few slight strokes. The next sketch, the seated girl in a black dress, shows the artistic interest transferred absolutely to the pose of the figure, and the effect of light on the dress. In utter contradiction to the following drawing, the head and hands are left to take care of themselves, the

head becoming a mere ghost, and the hand being rendered by a scrawl.

What I have tried to indicate by these rough notes upon particular studies, is the fact that all good drawing is interested drawing. I would even go so far as to say that all interested drawing is good drawing, though it may not be fine drawing or great drawing. The roughest sketch or caricature by a person who has no art training may be good drawing, if the draughtsman can express some keen interest felt in his subject. If he has had some practical experience, and still can get what he wants without surplusage (*i.e.* with style), his drawings will be fine drawings. If, in addition to technical accomplishment, he possesses a strong intellect or imagination, his drawing may become great drawing. The essence of the thing lies not in accuracy, but in full expression of interest. One hears, for instance, not infrequently, some would-be connoisseur saying, "Burne-Jones may be very intense and all that, but he can't draw. I could do the thing better myself. Have you ever seen people so thin and unhealthy looking?" Now, in dealing with Art, one can't deal with possibilities. One has to take pictures as they actually are, and make the best of them. The unusual proportions and unusual colour of Burne-Jones's figures may not be those of Nature, but they are the colours and proportions which he found necessary for giving full expression to his thoughts. I don't think any intelligent artist would say he was blind, or worked without any deliberate purpose. The only real test that can be applied to such things is a practical one. If in the future a painter rises who can give us all the beauty of design, exquisite originality of colour, and depth of feeling that we find in the work of Burne-Jones, without infringing the academic canons of proportion, then the critics will have a right to make comparisons. Till that time, lovers of Art need not measure their admirations with a foot-rule.

C. J. Holmes.

THE GOAT

As we associate the sheep with involuntary virtue, so we associate the goat with deliberate vice. For it is a prankish, faunlike creature, and an old Billy-goat with a beard is quite the satyr. In contrast with the sheep, the goat is irredeemably pagan; it dates very much B.C., and it seems to belong to the reign of Bacchus, the time of laughter, leopard-skins, wine and irregular conduct. Pan, the charming out-of-date musician who invented the wind instrument one summer day among the reeds in the river—and thereby conferred such a lasting favour on Wagner—has goat's ears and hoofs, they say, and every self-respecting satyr is similarly equipped, while the freakish faun is also built that way; so the goat has a perfect right to be the type of woodland magic, a type of Nature as opposed to Art—meaning civilisation. The goat is likewise the symbol of Evil—Original-Sin kind of Evil, and this merely because the beast is so flamboyantly pagan. I think it is naturally no more wicked than other beasts, but it must do its best to justify that lurid and long lack of reputation which stretches so magnificently behind it. The Middle Age has been so convinced of the goat's alliance with the Powers of Darkness, that it has seen fit to portray Satan with goat's horns in his head, looking like an elderly and peculiarly unattractive Silenus; and all scriptural similes are rather rough on the goat. Thus it will be seen that the goat has a power of stories to live down, and is severely handicapped among the other decorous and chaste beasts.

But the goat has long survived its day, too long; the primeval goat is as much a thing of the past as the King of France. The sight of a goat inspires in me the same feeling as the sight of the Palace at Versailles. Centuries of mediocre respectability have paled and dulled the beast's ardent pagan instincts, and now it

would look quite out of place and quite shocked beside a Bacchante ; since it has outlived classical tradition, and faded into a mere poor relation of the sheep. Yet the original goat nature peeps out here and there in the sprightly gambols of the kid, from whom the kitten has learned its three-corneredness, or in the grown-up beast when it quarrels with one of its own kind. But considering the conventional goat all round, it is a meek and biddable creature, not above taking out old ladies in bath-chairs, or drawing carriages full of unhappy infants along the glaring midday parade at the seaside. Except at the seaside, one rarely sees goats in England. A goat in a lane is something to marvel over, or, if you be a horse, to shy at. We English are indifferent to goats. Yet the goat has a certain picturesque value, though, like other things of bizarre and doubtful beauty, it requires staging. In a becoming setting, goats have a pleasantly grotesque effect : rocky ground suits them best, of course ; I have seen goats look very well in mountainous parts of Italy. A level landscape is fatal to the goat : seen on flat ground, it is unsuggestive as the sheep. Though the goat is almost a curiosity in England, it is on view all over the Continent, and in India goats gem the whole peninsula. Each wretched native hut of wood or of mud has its attendant goat, tethered by a cord to a scrubby bush, and resignedly unhappy ;—you may have noticed that the modern goat displays a quite Maeterlinckish habitual depression : perhaps it is mourning its lost laxity of life. This goat is an indispensable adjunct to the Hindu or Mohammedan household. It is a fashionable sacrifice too ; the favourite god or goddess of the Hindu family is nearly always appeased, and even gratified, by the simple offering of a goat, a cheap but desirable present. The priests encourage this custom of goat-sacrifice, since, to the Aryan taste, goat's flesh improves curry.

Of the goat's habits I know little. But I have noticed that his preference veers towards late feeding ; he browses ecstatically by night on roses, when he can get them. For he has certain sybaritic instincts which rose leaves entirely satisfy—red rose leaves, since the paler petals, as you may have found out, lack intensity of flavour and of perfume. In matters of this kind the goat's discrimination is very nice, his nature being as sensuous as it is cold. He has no affections, and he is inexpressibly perverse, mischievous, and whimsical. I have heard the word "giddy"

applied to him, but it is a libel, for he is too wantonly tricky to be giddy, as giddiness implies responsibility. His independent vagaries have nothing in common with the weak-minded follies of the sheep, his idiot brother. Indeed, there is a classic coldness about the goat which saves it from weakness of any kind, and gives it a sort of burlesque dignity. I refer to the Billy-goat. Nanny is a poor creature, made up of maternal meekness and anxious pathos. The kid is charming, a quaint little toy of exquisite angles, luxuriously covered with that silky smooth black (or white) hair which is so delightful to the touch. But with advancing months its charm flies; it develops the unsympathetic qualities of either sex.

Personally, I have never had much admiration for the goat. I do not care for his impish kind of humour—the heeltap of it that remains to him; it is antiquated in style, and it does not suit his present low estate; for it belongs to his pagan past, a freakish relic of the reign of Bacchus. The goat is assuredly the Beast that Was.

Israfel.

BERLIOZ AND THE DEVIL

A MUSICAL MINIATURE

LONG years ago, before the Reformation made its appropriations, the Dominican Friars dwelt in a Priory at Norwich. Thence they went forth to preach, there they prayed, there they told their beads,—St. Dominic, you remember, was the Founder of the Rosary,—there they feared God and the Devil. Now, to the mediæval mind there was nothing so curious as the Devil. Malign, of course, he was; infinitely cunning and wily in all the arts of seducing mankind to his service and to their final ruin. In the Requiem Mass they sang shuddering: "*Libera animas omnium fidelium de pœnis inferni et de profundo lacu; libera eas de ore leonis.*" He was the fallen star grown monstrously wicked with his change; and they told strange legends of him. An evil man of notorious habits had kept with him through all his life a faithful black dog with terrible eyes; and when he died, man, dog, eyes and all disappeared in flames and sulphur. You could rouse Satan at dead of night with horrible incantations. His long experience of human weakness had made him irresistible, save for grace. Men had sold their souls to him for worldly gain, and had signed the charter in blood. Nor was he alone. All that great army that fell from God still swarmed the earth, only a little less than he, and always ready to do his behests. He was the fount of the seven deadly sins, and of every deadly suggestion. He permeated life. He could be avoided only by the use of blessed things. Water was blessed that with its sprinkling he might be put to flight. He was Lucifer, Belial, Mammon, Beelzebub. But added to all this ascribed power—and assuredly the ascription did

his power justice, for even in a mediæval nook of to-day a celebrated and pious ecclesiastic believed that out of every hundred souls the Devil could always be counted on to secure the destruction of ninety-nine—must be taken into consideration a definite quality of fantasy.

It rather increased the mediæval fear and dislike of the Devil that he should have this new, fantastic distortion. It did not lend him humour, though he had been heard to laugh—terrible thought! That story of the Devil stopping the watches and the clocks of the first watchmaker, until only one still went with accuracy, and the bursting of that clock on the stroke of midnight with the discovery that the pendulum was the Devil himself, is one of ten thousand. His shape was conceived fantastically by these terrified hearts. With awfully pointed ears, or lolling tongue, or lewd animal shapes, his traces are everywhere to be found to-day in the monastic gargoyles. How these men must have feared their thoughts of the silent, crumpled, invisible spirits passing along the corridors in swarms, filling the world like a vapour, scheming, snatching, listening, suggesting! As you look at the old Priory at Norwich, you can hark back to the days of flitting black and white figures, many of them shuddering with scruples, and wondering if they have sinned, if one of these devils has not at last by some cunning subtlety entrapped their souls. You can see them gathered over the coffins of their dead, praying with a full heart that the spirits of those dead may avoid the tortures to which a fiendish ingenuity may put them for ever. They had visions of clouds of fiends in every quarter. For them the Devil pervaded the earth; and on retiring to sleep they did not forget in Compline to remind one another: "*Fratres, sobrii estote et vigilate: quia adversarius vester tanquam leo rugiens circuit quærens quem devoret.*"

Monasticism passed: the Dominican Priory of Norwich fell to the hands of the town, which converted its chapel—or was it the refectory?—into a hall for municipal uses. The mediæval devil went out and the modern devil came in. There was no necessity to pray against cloven-footed, long-eared, lolling-tongued devils now. They had been swept away clean over the Norfolk Broads and drowned in the sea beyond. Their successor was neither humorous nor fantastic; and, to say truth, he was not very

much feared or disliked. On the contrary, it was discovered that his past was not wholly without excuse, and that in the phrase, he was not so black as he had been painted. The secular element now filled that which is to-day known as St. Andrew's Hall. Portraits of mayors sit in the space once usurped by minions of Lucifer: and the exchange is amusing. . . . But the other day Norwich gave a Festival; and for the opening musical performance the *Faust* of Berlioz was chosen. As I listened to that music, in a trice the portraits of the mayors vanished from their place, and gargoyles, come to life, hung in their places, gargoyles horrible, twisting, smirking, hating. The audience, arrayed for the most part in garments that would have made the old friars stare and gasp, disappeared, and the space was filled with choir stalls, row upon row, in which the friars reclined in the misereres and sang their Breviary. And a young friar over yonder would look suddenly up, see that living gargoyle, and cross himself beneath his scapular; and an older friar, with rather a worn, pathetic look on his face, and somewhat wild eyes, suddenly shakes his head as a tiny gargoyle jumps to his shoulder and whispers in his ear; and there in the chief seat is the Prior. He is portly and self-possessed. There are many fantastical gargoyles whispering to him, one seemingly delivering an eloquent sermon, one in the habit of the General of his Order, one holding up a flask of wine, one pretending to sleep: and my Prior does not seem to mind, but seems rather to like their symbols. Alas, poor Prior! if to-night you make your strict examination of conscience, there will be some scourging and fasting in store when you confess that you have yielded your thoughts to vanity, ambition, greed, and indolence. The music continues. I hear the dance of sylphs; and the friars all quake with emotion and dread: "Ab ore leonis: libera me Domine," comes the trembling appeal. "From banks of roses," sings Mephisto. "Ab insidiis diaboli: libera me Domine." "Amen," rollick the students: and then I see a young, young novice, vainly struggling with gargoyles who force his cheeks to a smile, as a fat friar trips over his sandals and falls heavily on his stomach, "floating many a rood." Then there is the Devil's ride with Faust on those black horses. There swim to view the yellow lights, the catafalque: "Requiem æternam dona eis Domine," sing the friars in grand

and gloomy unison. And now the Chorus of Devils; and there-with the reply: "*Dies Iræ, dies illa, solvet sæculum in favilla: dies magna et amara valde.*" . . . It is over. Away fly friars, gargoyles, choir stalls; the empty spaces are filled once more: the conductor is bowing. "What a delightful performance!" "How excellent the chorus!" . . . But Berlioz has re-created the mediæval devil, for all that.

Vernon Blackburn.

THE WAY OF THE MIST

How moody and taciturn seems the mist after the talkative rain. It creeps with a ghost's soft feet across the land, finger on lip as it were, feigning both to practise and to enjoin secrecy. It hushes the earth. The birds cease chattering, and the clamour of a mountain torrent becomes restrained and difficult. The voices that are not stilled grow husky, or sound as out of another world.

Yet the mist has little reticence for such as know its ways. It reveals more than it hides. Its lips are dumb, but there is great speech on them, and easy to be guessed. The silence it begets is more eloquent than manifold utterance. It robs the eye to enrich the mind, and dulls the senses to sharpen the imagination; and it tells more to the poet than to the painter.

Not that the painter may disdain its lessons. How noble its dispositions and how billowy its masses, yet with naught of the strain of wave and tide. Voluminous, voiceless, they hide mountains with their bulk, yet fringe into the thinness of a bridal veil, diaphonous gauze over new fantastic outlines.

The sun may be the father of colour, but in the splendour of his presence his offspring stands abashed, too confused to utter all that is in its heart. It hails his appearing with loud acclaims, but the shouts are not expressive like the softer, fuller speech in which, on a grey day, it tells out all its tale. Grey days are the confessionals of colour. To know the inwardness of the russets and greens and yellows of autumn, one must see them in wooded hollows, or on a moorland brow—not face to face, but through a mist darkly. A boulder dreaming in a nest of rich brown ferns, its rugged form velvet-clad in mosses and lichens, vivid green, pearly grey, delicate saffron sinking into hollows

of glamorous purple, or leaping momentarily into points of brilliant gold, is like a hill in fairy-land. It quickens, not with the hard formal life that brazens in the glare of the sun, but with a less insistent, more subtle vitality that has stolen into it unwares.

Objects grow larger in the mist, yet they owe more to it than mere magnification. Besides bulk, it adds tone, feeling; it lends weirdness, mystery. There is something elemental in the grandeur with which a mountain looms through a tumbled wilderness of fog, or a giant cliff hides all but its bald brow from the searching sea under a wrap of thick bulging vapour. And how grotesque the shapes the mist fashions. The street lamp-post becomes a church steeple, the railway arch a robber's cave, one's nearest friend a stalwart foeman, the wayside bush a witch bestriding a broomstick or stirring a cauldron.

Sometimes the mist is prankish. We stepped into it one day outside the house door, and it hugged us close for fifty yards. Then it vanished, and the whole stretch of the street was clear. We turned a corner and mounted the hill. All was free on before. Hills and sky had returned after four days of absence. We greeted them gaily, but, looking back, beheld the mist returning to the charge with the sweep of a broad river; though, unlike upward-mounting water, it seemed to take the steep road with ease. On before, just beyond a small plantation, another stream was visible, also racing upward. Soon the sister floods embraced, sky and hills went out of sight again, and we were imprisoned in a multitudinous folding of soft arms. If the mist was glad at our re-capture, it was too stately to show its joy. Hilarity is not the way of the mist; though it is never solemn, save when found in vast masses. Sometimes, indeed, there is an elfin sportiveness about its straggling edges; and now and then it even softens into a smile when the sun kisses its wet cheeks to a feeble glow like the bleached yellow of a washed-out daffodil.

The mist can be an elixir of youth. Buildings emerging from a fog look strange and younger than before, and a landscape newly emancipated from a cloud of mist wears fresher garments, and seems to have assented to some newer fashion. The night, too, has something of this power to rejuvenate, but does not exercise it in the same way. Perhaps the difference is that the

night renews the force within us, while the mist throws "the freshness of a dream" upon the things around us. The one is a healer, the other a wizard. The one truly renews our life, the other charms our weariness for a moment with a touch of illusion; and we may not dispense with the ministry of either.

Louis Barsac.

HAND AND SOUL

"Rivolsimi in quel lato
Là onde venia la voce,
E parvemi una luce
Che lucea quanto stella :
La mia mente era quella."

BONAGGIUNTA URBICIANI (1250).

BEFORE any knowledge of painting was brought to Florence, there were already painters in Lucca, and Pisa, and Arezzo, who feared God and loved the art. The keen, grave workmen from Greece, whose trade it was to sell their own works in Italy and teach Italians to imitate them, had already found rivals of the soil with skill that could forestall their lessons and cheapen their crucifixes and *addolorate*, more years than is supposed before the art came at all into Florence. The pre-eminence to which Cimabue was raised at once by his contemporaries, and which he still retains to a wide extent even in the modern mind, is to be accounted for partly by the circumstances under which he arose, and partly by that extraordinary *purpose of fortune* born with the lives of some few, and through which it is not a little thing for any who went before, if they are even remembered as the shadows of the coming of such an one, and the voices which prepared his way in the wilderness. It is thus, almost exclusively, that the painters of whom I speak are now known. They have left little, and but little heed is taken of that which men hold to have been surpassed; it is gone like time gone—a track of dust and dead leaves that merely led to the fountain.

Nevertheless, of very late years, and in very rare instances, some signs of a better understanding have become manifest. A case in point is that of the triptych and two cruciform pictures at Dresden, by Chiaro di Messer Bello dell' Erma, to which the

eloquent pamphlet of Dr. Aemmster has at length succeeded in attracting the students. There is another still more solemn and beautiful work, now proved to be by the same hand, in the gallery at Florence. It is the one to which my narrative will relate.

This Chiaro dell' Erma was a young man of very honourable family in Arezzo; where, conceiving art almost, as it were, for himself, and loving it deeply, he endeavoured from early boyhood towards the imitation of any objects offered in nature. The extreme longing after a visible embodiment of his thoughts strengthened as his years increased, more even than his sinews or the blood of his life; until he would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons. When he had lived nineteen years, he heard of the famous Giunta Pisano; and feeling much of admiration, with perhaps a little of that envy which youth always feels until it has learned to measure success by time and opportunity, he determined that he would seek out Giunta, and, if possible, become his pupil.

Having arrived at Pisa, he clothed himself in humble apparel, being unwilling that any other thing than the desire he had for knowledge should be his plea with the great painter; and then, leaving his baggage at a house of entertainment, he took his way along the street, asking whom he met for the lodging of Giunta. It soon chanced that one of that city, conceiving him to be a stranger and poor, took him into his house, and refreshed him; afterwards directing him on his way.

When he was brought to speech of Giunta, he said merely that he was a student, and that nothing in the world was so much at his heart as to become that which he had heard told of him with whom he was speaking. He was received with courtesy and consideration, and shown into the study of the famous artist. But the forms he saw there were lifeless and incomplete; and a sudden exultation possessed him as he said within himself, "I am the master of this man." The blood came at first into his face, but the next moment he was quite pale and fell to trembling. He was able, however, to conceal his emotion; speaking very little to Giunta, but, when he took his leave, thanking him respectfully.

After this, Chiaro's first resolve was, that he would work out thoroughly some one of his thoughts, and let the world know him. But the lesson which he had now learned, of how small a greatness

might win fame, and how little there was to strive against, served to make him torpid, and rendered his exertions less continual. Also Pisa was a larger and more luxurious city than Arezzo; and when in his walks he saw the great gardens laid out for pleasure, and the beautiful women who passed to and fro, and heard the music that was in the groves of the city at evening, he was taken with wonder that he had never claimed his share of the inheritance of those years in which his youth was cast. And women loved Chiaro; for, in despite of the burthen of study, he was well-favoured and very manly in his walking; and, seeing his face in front, there was a glory upon it, as upon the face of one who feels a light round his hair.

So he put thought from him, and partook of his life. But one night, being in a certain company of ladies, a gentleman that was there with him began to speak of the paintings of a youth named Bonaventura, which he had seen in Lucca; adding that Giunta Pisano might now look for a rival. When Chiaro heard this, the lamps shook before him, and the music beat in his ears and made him giddy. He rose up, alleging a sudden sickness, and went out of that house with his teeth set.

He now took to work diligently; not returning to Arezzo, but remaining in Pisa, that no day more might he lost; only living entirely to himself. Sometimes, after nightfall, he would walk abroad in the most solitary places he could find; hardly feeling the ground under him, because of the thoughts of the day which held him in fever.

The lodging he had chosen was in a house that looked upon gardens fast by the Church of San Rocco. During the offices, as he sat at work, he could hear the music of the organ and the long murmur that the chanting left; and if his window were open, sometimes, at those parts of the mass where there is silence throughout the Church, his ear caught faintly the single voice of the priest. Beside the matters of his art and a very few books, almost the only object to be noticed in Chiaro's room was a small consecrated image of St. Mary Virgin wrought out of silver, before which stood always, in summer-time, a glass containing a lily and a rose.

It was here, and at this time, that Chiaro painted the Dresden pictures; as also, in all likelihood, the one—inferior in merit, but

certainly his—which is now at Munich. For the most part, he was calm and regular in his manner of study; though often he would remain at work through the whole of a day, not resting once so long as the light lasted; flushed, and with the hair from his face. Or, at times, when he could not paint, he would sit for hours in thought of all the greatness the world had known from of old; until he was weak with yearning, like one who gazes upon a path of stars.

He continued in this patient endeavour for about three years, at the end of which his name was spoken throughout all Tuscany. As his fame waxed, he began to be employed, besides easel-pictures, upon paintings in fresco: but I believe that no traces remain to us of any of these latter. He is said to have painted in the Duomo: and D'Agincourt mentions having seen some portions of a fresco by him which originally had its place above the high altar in the Church of the Certosa; but which, at the time he saw it, being very dilapidated, had been hewn out of the wall, and was preserved in the stores of the convent. Before the period of Dr. Aemmster's researches, however, it had been entirely destroyed.

Chiaro was now famous. It was for the race of fame that he had girded up his loins; and he had not paused until fame was reached: yet now, in taking breath, he found that the weight was still at his heart. The years of his labour had fallen from him, and his life was still in its first painful desire.

With all that Chiaro had done during these three years, and even before, with the studies of his early youth, there had always been a feeling of worship and service. It was the peace-offering that he made to God and to his own soul for the eager selfishness of his aim. There was earth, indeed, upon the hem of his raiment; but *this* was of the heaven, heavenly. He had seasons when he could endure to think of no other feature of his hope than this: and sometimes, in the ecstasy of prayer, it had even seemed to him to behold that day when his mistress—his mystical lady (now hardly in her ninth year, but whose solemn smile at meeting had already lighted on his soul like the dove of the Trinity)—even she, his own gracious and holy Italian art—with her virginal bosom, and her unfathomable eyes, and the thread of sunlight round her brows—should pass, through the sun that

never sets, into the circle of the shadow of the tree of life, and be seen of God, and found good: and then it had seemed to him that he, with many who, since his coming, had joined the band of whom he was one (for, in his dream, the body he had worn on earth had been dead a hundred years), were permitted to gather round the blessed maiden, and to worship with her through all ages and ages of ages, saying, Holy, holy, holy. This thing he had seen with the eyes of his spirit; and in this thing had trusted, believing that it would surely come to pass.

But now (being at length led to inquire closely into himself), even as in the pursuit of fame, the unrest abiding after attainment had proved to him that he had misinterpreted the craving of his own spirit—so also, now that he would willingly have fallen back on devotion, he became aware that much of that reverence which he had mistaken for faith had been no more than the worship of beauty. Therefore, after certain days passed in perplexity, Chiaro said within himself, "My life and my will are yet before me: I will take another aim to my life."

From that moment Chiaro set a watch on his soul, and put his hand to no other works but only to such as had for their end the presentment of some moral greatness that should impress the beholder: and, in doing this, he did not choose for his medium the action and passion of human life, but cold symbolism and abstract impersonation. So the people ceased to throng about his pictures as heretofore; and, when they were carried through town and town to their destination, they were no longer delayed by the crowds eager to gaze and admire: and no prayers or offerings were brought to them on their path, as to his Madonnas, and his Saints, and his Holy Children. Only the critical audience remained to him; and these, in default of more worthy matter, would have turned their scrutiny on a puppet or a mantle. Meanwhile he had no more of fever upon him, but was calm and pale each day in all that he did and in his goings in and out. The works he produced at this time have perished—in all likelihood, not unjustly. It is said (and we may easily believe it) that, though more laboured than his former pictures, they were cold and unemphatic; bearing marked out upon them, as they must certainly have done, the measure of that boundary to which they were made to conform.

And the weight was still close at Chiaro's heart : but he held in his breath, never resting (for he was afraid), and would not know it.

Now it happened within these days that there fell a great feast in Pisa for holy matters : and each man left his occupation ; and all the guilds and companies of the city were got together for games and rejoicings. And there were scarcely any that stayed in the houses, except ladies who lay or sat along their balconies between open windows which let the breeze beat through the rooms and over the spread tables from end to end. And the golden cloths that their arms lay upon drew all eyes upward to see their beauty ; and the day was long ; and every hour of the day was bright with the sun.

So Chiaro's model, when he awoke that morning on the hot pavement of the Piazza Nunziata, and saw the hurry of people that passed him, got up and went along with them ; and Chiaro waited for him in vain.

For the whole of that morning the music was in Chiaro's room from the church close at hand : and he could hear the sounds that the crowd made in the streets ; hushed only at long intervals while the processions for the feast-day chanted in going under his windows. Also, more than once, there was a high clamour from the meeting of factious persons : for the ladies of both leagues were looking down ; and he who encountered his enemy could not choose but draw upon him. Chiaro waited a long time idle ; and then knew that his model was gone elsewhere. When at his work, he was blind and deaf to all else ; but he feared sloth : for then his stealthy thoughts would begin, as it were, to beat round and round him, seeking a point for attack. He now rose, therefore, and went to the window. It was within a short space of noon ; and underneath him a throng of people was coming out through the porch of San Rocco.

The two greatest houses of the feud in Pisa had filled the church for that mass. The first to leave had been the Gherghiotti ; who, stopping on the threshold, had fallen back in ranks along each side of the archway : so that now, in passing outward, the Marotoli had to walk between two files of men whom they hated, and whose fathers had hated theirs. All the chiefs were there, and their whole adherence ; and each knew the name of each.

Every man of the Marotoli, as he came forth and saw his foes, laid back his hood and gazed about him, to show the badge upon the close cap that held his hair. And of the Gherghiotti there were some who tightened their girdles; and some shrilled and threw up their wrists scornfully, as who flies a falcon; for that was the crest of their house.

On the walls within the entry were a number of tall, narrow frescoes, presenting a moral allegory of Peace, which Chiaro had painted that year for the church. The Gherghiotti stood with their backs to these frescoes: and among them Golzo Ninuccio, the youngest noble of the faction, called by the people Golaghiotta, for his debased life. This youth had remained for some while talking listlessly to his fellows, though with his sleepy, sunken eyes fixed on them who passed: but now, seeing that no man jostled another, he drew the long silver shoe off his foot, and struck the dust out of it on the cloak of him who was going by, asking him how far the tides rose at Viderza. And he said so because it was three months since, at that place, the Gherghiotti had beaten the Marotoli to the sands, and held them there while the sea came in; whereby many had been drowned. And when he had spoken, at once the whole archway was dazzling with the light of confused swords; and they who had left turned back; and they who were still behind made haste to come forth: and there was so much blood cast up the walls on a sudden, that it ran in long streams down Chiaro's paintings.

Chiaro turned himself from the window; for the light felt dry between his lids, and he could not look. He sat down, and heard the noise of contention driven out of the church-porch and a great way through the streets; and soon there was a deep murmur that heaved and waxed from the other side of the city, where those of both parties were gathering to join in the tumult.

Chiaro sat with his face in his open hands. Once again he had wished to set his foot on a place that looked green and fertile; and once again it seemed to him that the thin rank mask was about to spread away, and that this time the chill of the water must leave leprosy in his flesh. The light still swam in his head, and bewildered him at first; but when he knew his thoughts, they were these:—

"Fame failed me: faith failed me: and now this also—the hope that I nourished in this my generation of men—shall pass from me, and leave my feet and my hands groping. Yet because of this are my feet become slow and my hands thin. I am as one who, through the whole night holding his way diligently, hath smitten the steel unto the flint, to lead some whom he knew darkling; who hath kept his eyes always on the sparks that himself made, lest they should fail; and who, towards dawn, turning to bid them that he had guided God-speed, sees the wet grass untrodden except of his own feet. I am as the last hour of the day, whose chimes are a perfect number; whom the next followeth not, nor light ensueth from him; but in the same darkness is the old order begun afresh. Men say, 'This is not God nor man; he is not as we are, neither above us: let him sit beneath us, for we are many.' Where I write Peace, in that spot is the drawing of swords, and there men's footprints are red. When I would sow, another harvest is ripe. Nay, it is much worse with me than thus much. Am I not as a cloth drawn before the light, that the looker may not be blinded; but which showeth thereby the grain of its own coarseness; so that the light seems defiled, and men say, 'We will not walk by it.' Wherefore through me they shall be doubly accursed, seeing that through me they reject the light. May one be a devil and not know it?"

As Chiaro was in these thoughts, the fever encroached slowly on his veins, till he could sit no longer, and would have risen; but suddenly he found awe within him, and held his head bowed, without stirring. The warmth of the air was not shaken; but there seemed a pulse in the light, and a living freshness, like rain. The silence was a painful music, that made the blood ache in his temples; and he lifted his face and his deep eyes.

A woman was present in his room, clad to the hands and feet with a green and grey raiment, fashioned to that time. It seemed that the first thoughts he had ever known were given him as at first from her eyes, and he knew her hair to be the golden veil through which he beheld his dreams. Though her hands were joined, her face was not lifted, but set forward; and though the gaze was austere, yet her mouth was supreme in gentleness. And as he looked, Chiaro's spirit appeared abashed

of its own intimate presence, and his lips shook with the thrill of tears; it seemed such a bitter while till the spirit might be indeed alone.

She did not move closer towards him, but he felt her to be as much with him as his breath. He was like one who, scaling a great steepness, hears his own voice echoed in some place much higher than he can see, and the name of which is not known to him. As the woman stood, her speech was with Chiaro: not, as it were, from her mouth or in his ears; but distinctly between them.

"I am an image, Chiaro, of thine own soul within thee. See me, and know me as I am. Thou sayest that fame has failed thee, and faith failed thee; but because at least thou hast not laid thy life unto riches, therefore, though thus late, I am suffered to come into thy knowledge. Fame sufficed not, for that thou didst seek fame: seek thine own conscience (not thy mind's conscience, but thine heart's), and all shall approve and suffice. For Fame, in noble soils, is a fruit of the Spring: but not therefore should it be said: 'Lo! my garden that I planted is barren: the crocus is here, but the lily is dead in the dry ground, and shall not lift the earth that covers it: therefore I will fling my garden together, and give it unto the builders.' Take heed rather that thou trouble not the wise secret earth; for in the mould that thou throwest up shall the first tender growth lie to waste; which else had been made strong in its season. Yea, and even if the year fall past in all its months, and the soil be indeed, to thee, peevish and incapable, and though thou indeed gather all thy harvest, and it suffice for others, and thou remain vexed with emptiness; and others drink of thy streams, and the drouth rasp thy throat;—let it be enough that these have found the feast good, and thanked the giver: remembering that, when the winter is striven through, there is another year, whose wind is meek, and whose sun fulfilleth all."

While he heard, Chiaro went slowly on his knees. It was not to her that spoke, for the speech seemed within him and his own. The air brooded in sunshine, and though the turmoil was great outside, the air within was at peace. But when he looked in her eyes, he wept. And she came to him, and cast her hair over him, and took her hands about his forehead, and spoke again—

"Thou hast said," she continued gently, "that faith failed thee.

This cannot be so. Either thou hadst it not, or thou hast it. But who bade thee strike the point betwixt love and faith? Wouldst thou sift the warm breeze from the sun that quickens it? Who bade thee turn upon God and say: 'Behold, my offering is of earth, and not worthy: Thy fire comes not upon it: therefore, though I slay not my brother whom Thou acceptest, I will depart before Thou smite me.' Why shouldst thou rise up and tell God He is not content? Had he, of His warrant, certified so to thee? Be not nice to seek out division; but possess thy love in sufficiency: assuredly this is faith, for the heart must believe first. What He hath set in thy heart to do, that do thou; and even though thou do it without thought of Him, it shall be well done: it is this sacrifice that He asketh of Thee, and His flame is upon it for a sign. Think not of Him; but of His love and thy love. For God is no morbid exactor: He hath no hand to bow beneath, nor a foot, that thou shouldst kiss it."

And Chiaro held silence, and wept into her hair which covered his face; and the salt tears that he shed ran through her hair upon his lips; and he tasted the bitterness of shame.

Then the fair woman, that was his soul, spoke again to him, saying—

"And for this thy last purpose, and for those unprofitable truths of thy teaching,—thine heart hath already put them away, and it needs not that I lay my bidding upon thee. How is it that thou, a man, wouldst say coldly to the mind what God hath said to the heart warmly? Thy will was honest and wholesome; but look well lest this also be folly,—to say, 'I, in doing this, do strengthen God among men.' When at any time hath He cried unto thee, saying, 'My son, lend me thy shoulder, for I fall'? Deemest thou that the men who enter God's temple in malice, to the provoking of blood, and neither for His love nor for His wrath will abate their purpose,—shall afterwards stand with thee in the porch, midway between Him and themselves, to give ear unto thy thin voice, which merely the fall of their vizors can drown, and to see thy hands, stretched feebly, tremble among their swords? Give thou to God no more than He asketh of thee; but to man also, that which is man's. In all that thou doest, work from thine own heart, simply; for his heart is as thine, when thine is wise and humble; and he shall have understanding of thee. One drop

of rain is as another, and the sun's prism in all : and shalt not thou be as he, whose lives are the breath of One? Only by making thyself his equal can he learn to hold communion with thee, and at last own thee above him. Not till thou lean over the water shalt thou see thine image therein : stand erect, and it shall slope from thy feet and be lost. Know that there is but this means whereby thou may'st serve God with man :—Set thine hand and thy soul to serve man with God."

And when she that spoke had said these words within Chiaro's spirit, she left his side quietly, and stood up as he had first seen her ; with her fingers laid together, and her eyes steadfast, and with the breadth of her long dress covering her feet on the floor. And, speaking again, she said—

"Chiaro, servant of God, take now thine Art unto thee, and paint me thus, as I am, to know me : weak, as I am, and in the weeks of this time ; only with eyes which seek out labour, and with a faith, not learned, yet jealous of prayer. Do this ; so shall thy soul stand before thee always, and perplex thee no more."

And Chiaro did as she bade him. While he worked, his face grew solemn with knowledge : and before the shadows had turned, his work was done. Having finished, he lay back where he sat, and was asleep immediately : for the growth of that strong sunset was heavy about him, and he felt weak and haggard ; like one just come out of a dusk, hollow country, bewildered with echoes, where he had lost himself, and who has not slept for many days and nights. And when she saw him lie back, the beautiful woman came to him, and sat at his head gazing, and quieted his sleep with her voice.

The tumult of the factions had endured all that day through all Pisa, though Chiaro had not heard it : and the last service of that Feast was a mass sung at midnight from the windows of all the churches for the many dead who lay about the city, and who had to be buried before morning, because of the extreme heats.

In the spring of 1847 I was at Florence. Such as were there at the same time with myself—those, at least, to whom Art is something—will certainly recollect how many rooms of the Pitti Gallery were closed through that season, in order that some of the pictures they contained might be examined and repaired without the necessity of removal. The hall, the staircases, and the vast

central suite of apartments were the only accessible portions; and in these such paintings as they could admit from the sealed *penetralia* were profanely huddled together, without respect of dates, schools, or persons.

I fear that, through this interdict, I may have missed seeing many of the best pictures. I do not mean *only* the most talked of: for these, as they were restored, generally found their way somehow into the open rooms, owing to the clamours raised by the students; and I remember how old Ercoli's, the curator's, spectacles used to be mirrored in the reclaimed surface, as he leaned mysteriously over these works with some of the visitors, to scrutinise and elucidate.

One picture that I saw that Spring, I shall not easily forget. It was among those, I believe, brought from the other rooms, and had been hung, obviously out of all chronology, immediately beneath that head by Raphael so long known as the "Berrettino," and now said to be the portrait of Cecco Ciulli.

The picture I speak of is a small one, and represents merely the figure of a woman, clad to the hands and feet with a green and grey raiment, chaste and early in its fashion, but exceedingly simple. She is standing: her hands are held together lightly, and her eyes set earnestly open.

The face and hands in this picture, though wrought with great delicacy, have the appearance of being painted at once, in a single sitting: the drapery is unfinished. As soon as I saw the figure, it drew an awe upon me, like water in shadow. I shall not attempt to describe it more than I have already done; for the most absorbing wonder of it was its literality. You knew that figure, when painted, had been seen; yet it was not a thing to be seen of men. This language will appear ridiculous to such as have never looked on the work; and it may be even to some among those who have. On examining it closely, I perceived in one corner of the canvas the words *Manus Animam pinxit*, and the date 1239.

I turned to my Catalogue, but that was useless, for the pictures were all displaced. I then stepped up to the Cavaliere Ercoli, who was in the room at the moment, and asked him regarding the subject and authorship of the painting. He treated the matter, I thought, somewhat slightly, and said that he could show me the

reference in the Catalogue which he had compiled. This, when found, was not of much value, as it merely said, "Schizzo d'autore incerto," adding the inscription.¹ I could willingly have prolonged my inquiry, in the hope that it might somehow lead to some result; but I had disturbed the curator from certain yards of Guido, and he was not communicative. I went back, therefore, and stood before the picture till it grew dusk.

The next day I was there again; but this time a circle of students was round the spot, all copying the "Berrettino." I contrived, however, to find a place whence I could see *my* picture, and where I seemed to be in nobody's way. For some minutes I remained undisturbed; and then I heard, in an English voice: "Might I beg of you, sir, to stand a little more to this side, as you interrupt my view."

I felt vexed, for, standing where he asked me, a glare struck on the picture from the windows, and I could not see it. However, the request was reasonably made, and from a countryman; so I complied, and, turning away, stood by his easel. I knew it was not worth while; yet I referred in some way to the work underneath the one he was copying. He did not laugh, but he smiled as we do in England: "*Very odd, is it not?*" said he.

The other students near us were all continental; and, seeing an Englishman select an Englishman to speak with, conceived, I suppose, that he could understand no language but his own. They had evidently been noticing the interest which the little picture appeared to excite in me.

One of them, an Italian, said something to another who stood next to him. He spoke with a Genoese accent, and I lost the sense in the villainous dialect. "Che so?" replied the other, lifting his eyebrows towards the figure; "roba mistica: 'st' Inglesi son matti sul misticismo: somiglia alle nebbie di là. Li fa pensare alla patria,

'e intenerisce il core
Lo di ch' han detto ai dolci amici adio."

"La notte, vuoi dire," said a third.

¹ I should here say that in the catalogue for the year just over (owing, as in cases before mentioned, to the zeal and enthusiasm of Dr. Aemmster), this and several other pictures have been more competently entered. The work in question is now placed in the *Sala Sessagona*—a room I did not see—under the number 161. It is described as "Figura mistica di Chiaro dell' Erma," and there is a brief notice of the author appended.

There was a general laugh. My compatriot was evidently a novice in the language, and did not take in what was said. I remained silent, being amused.

"Et toi donc?" said he who had quoted Dante, turning to a student whose birthplace was unmistakable, even had he been addressed in any other language: "que dis-tu de ce genre-là?"

"Moi?" returned the Frenchman, standing back from his easel, and looking at me and at the figure, quite politely, though with an evident reservation: "Je dis, mon cher, que c'est une spécialité dont je me fiche pas mal. Je tiens que quand on ne comprend pas une chose, c'est qu'elle ne signifie rien."

My reader thinks possibly that the French student was right.

D. G. Rossetti.

NOTE

[It was announced on page 139 of *THE DOME*, Vol. iv. (New Series), that the Editor had arranged to publish at intervals old musical compositions not easily accessible elsewhere; thus extending to Music the practice of *THE DOME* since its inception in regard to Architecture, Painting, and Engraving. It has now been further arranged that the examples of Literature shall no longer be confined to contemporary productions, although there will still be a large preponderance of new and specially written work.

"*HAND AND SOUL*" has been selected as the first of these occasional reprints. Copies of "*The Germ*," in which it originally appeared, are of course extremely scarce, and the Editions of the story published by The Kelmscott Press and The Vale Press are both out of print. Its appearance in *THE DOME* stands in need of no further justification.]

BALVA THE MONK

BALVA the old monk I am called: when I was young, Balva
Honeymouth.

That was before Colum the White came to Iona in the West.
She whom I loved was a woman whom I won out of the
South,

And I had a good heaven with my lips on hers and with
breast to breast.

Balva the old monk I am called: were it not for the fear
The soul of Colum the White would meet my soul in the
Narrows

That sever the living and dead, I would rise up from here
And go back to where men pray with spears and arrows.

Balva the old monk I am called: ugh! ugh! the cold bell of
the matins—'tis dawn!

Sure it's a dream I have had that I was in a warm wood
with the sun ashine,

And that against me in the pleasant greenness was a soft
fawn,

And a voice that whispered, "Balva Honeymouth, drink, I am
thy wine!"

Fiona Macleod.

THE LAMENT OF IAN THE PROUD

WHAT is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf
About the grey hair of me who am weary and blind?
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore
There is a stone which the purple nets of the heather bind,
And thereon is writ: *She will return no more.*
O blown whirling leaf,
And the old grief,
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

Fiona Macleod.

A PULPIT HUMOURIST

WE do not expect nowadays to find illustrations in a volume of sermons, but in the sixteenth century theological literature was not so unadorned. In Germany a sermon had its woodcut as a matter of course, just like a short story or a cookery-book. This popular art was quite in keeping with the popular discourses of Dr. Johann Geiler von Kaisersberg, the celebrated Strassburg preacher, who died in 1510 and was buried under the Cathedral pulpit, which had rung with his eloquence for thirty years. His life was uneventful. Born at Schaffhausen in 1445, he was brought up at Kaisersberg near Colmar, and went to Freiburg University; as a graduate, he lectured there and at Basle, till he happened one summer to take the waters at Baden-Baden, where he made such an impression on some visitors from Würzburg, that they tried to secure him for their own city. He accepted, however, an invitation from the town of Strassburg to become a regular preacher, first at St. Laurence, afterwards at the Cathedral, and there he remained, hard at work, a pattern of sobriety and a scourge of evil-doers, from 1478 to the day of his death. He had his enemies, especially among the monks, whose vices he satirised in no sparing terms. It is said that they revenged themselves by bribing the choir-boys to acts of insubordination, and that he found scurrilous verses and caricatures put ready for him when he mounted the pulpit. However, he lived down all opposition, and said his say with absolute frankness and impartiality. Granted a congregation which did not insist on brevity, it is easy to understand why he was popular. He spoke straight to the people in their own language, in short, pithy sentences, which read as if they had been taken down in shorthand exactly as he spoke them. He used no pompous rhetoric,

no subtle refinements of scholastic terminology; but spoke in plain terms on matters of everyday morality, and illustrated his meaning by the homeliest stories and the drollest images from common life. He had a shrewd mother-wit and no mean power of observation. He knew all about the shop, the tavern, the stable, and the farmyard, as well as the library and the cloister. His natural history, as we shall see, was too much founded on Pliny the Elder, but his knowledge of human nature was taken at first hand from men and women. He liked his glass of wine, and made no pretence of despising the good things of this life, if enjoyed in moderation and with gratitude to the Giver of them; the ungrateful he compares to swine, which eat the acorns and never think of looking up at the tree from which they fall. He had no patience with idleness—"the stepmother of all the virtues," he calls it—and was himself an indefatigable student and a light sleeper. In 1508 he preached a long course of sermons on the Paternoster at six a.m. He was a friend of poets and no foe to monks, so long as they kept their vows. He told the Bishop of Strassburg plenty of home-truths, without losing his post as chaplain, and the Emperor Maximilian was glad to listen to his sermons and his private counsel.

Most of his works, whether prepared for the press by himself or by enthusiastic listeners who took down his sermons as he spoke them in the pulpit, came out at Strassburg and were illustrated by local artists. He was as ingenious as Mr. Ruskin in choosing titles for his books or chapters which throw no light whatever on the nature of their contents. *The Ant* is the title of one of his most popular courses for Lent. *The Alphabet in xxiii Sermons, Disposed as a Tree with xxiii Branches, on which to climb to Everlasting Life*, is less startling than *The Passion, given out and divided in Pieces in the Manner of sweet Gingerbread, so that a Sermon may be taken for every Day in Lent*. *The Crumbs of Doctor Kaisersberg picked up by Brother John Pauli* is the title of a posthumous collection for which he was not responsible. In 1498 he preached a course of one hundred and forty-six sermons on Brant's *Ship of Fools*, a ship in which he did not deny that he himself was a passenger. In 1507 the town of Strassburg was excited over the arrival of a live lion in an iron cage as one of the attractions at the fair. The

showman charged one pfennig for a sight of the beast, and made no small profit out of it. Dr. Kaisersberg seized the opportunity to read up the article "Lion" in whatever substitute for an Encyclopædia he possessed, or at least in the works of Pliny and the Christian Fathers, and he preached on lions, natural and allegorical, till every quality, real or fictitious, of the king of beasts had yielded every lesson it contained. He began by seventeen discourses on four sorts of lion known to Scripture: the Spiritual Lion, the Worldly Lion, the Heavenly Lion, the Hellish Lion. The latter, I need not say, is the Prince of Darkness himself, for "in Syria," the Doctor has discovered, "there are black lions." The qualities of the natural lion are set forth at considerable length. One of them is that it is sportive when young, like the cat; and here the Doctor digresses. "There is nothing more amusing," he says, "than to watch a kitten and a puppy which are being reared together. If any woman has a drunken husband, she cannot do better than buy kittens and pups," to provide him with innocent recreation by the domestic hearth. A less known fact about the lion is that when he is hungry he climbs a hill (being "ein aufsteigig Thier") and roars (surely an indiscreet proceeding, in view of the sequel); then he draws a circle in the snow with his tail (if there is no snow, the Doctor adds by an afterthought, he does it in the dust), and after that no animal which is inside the circle can escape being devoured. It will never do to let a lion go to sleep on board ship, for if you do, the ship will gradually settle down till it sinks. There are seven things of which a lion is by nature afraid: a white cock with a red comb, which crows lustily, is the first; a mouse and a fire are two more; then comes the bark of the oak (moral: to defeat the enemy, you should make your back rough like bark, by scourging, not leave it smooth like an egg-shell); fifthly, he dreads (most properly) a creaking cart with ungreased wheels; sixthly, a dog, when you kill it in sight of the lion, utterly unnerves him; seventhly and lastly, the wood Sethim, which never decays, inspires mysterious terror. The fifth peculiarity of the lion is that when he is sick he eats monkeys by way of medicine, and so is cured, as Albertus saith. If he is specially in want of a tonic, he catches a monkey and sucks its blood, and that renews his strength. All these things, I need not say, have their analogies and their lessons in the spiritual world.

The four sorts of allegorical lions are illustrated by as many woodcuts, which are probably unequalled for rollicking fun in the whole range of devotional art. They are the work of an unknown Strassburg draughtsman, who signs himself "H. F.," and who also drew some amusing pictures for the next section of the "Crumbs," which treats of Pedlars. Still inspired by the lion at the fair, the Doctor announced to his congregation that he was going to warn them, under sixty-three headings, against the temptations with which the Infernal Lion besets the soul, and that they were not to say to him, as they sometimes did when he went on a good while about one subject, "Now, when are you going to stop?" He was not going to let them off on the plea of a weak digestion; and he did, in fact, work through the sixty-three temptations in nine sermons, dealing with seven at a time, on the Sundays and Saints' days in July.

The first of the illustrations which are reproduced in *The Dome* is a picture by a local artist of Doctor Kaisersberg in the pulpit. The next three are by an Augsburg artist, Hans Burgkmair, and they belong to a set of six published at Augsburg in 1510 in a book called *The Pomegranate*. In the following year Hans Baldung Grün appropriated Burgkmair's compositions, just transforming the faces and some other details into his own characteristic style, and the designs appeared again with Baldung's monogram in a Strassburg edition. This disingenuous proceeding has proved a stumbling-block to every compiler of catalogues unto this day—but this is "shop." *The Pomegranate* contains six sermons, or rather groups of sermons, each with a woodcut. The first is on Lazarus, Martha, and Mary; the second on the Passage of the Red Sea. The third is entitled "The Spiritual Spinster, after the example of the holy widow Elizabeth." The cut shows St. Elizabeth of Hungary, surrounded by the women who follow her example. She is supposed to be spinning a mantle for her soul with the fingers of contemplation; the mantle is made of charity, and it is to cover her sins. The title of the fourth sermon is "Jugged Hare"—"Der Has im Pfeffer," almost identical with the "Hasenpfeffer" which figures to-day on nearly every autumn *menu* in South Germany, though when you ask for it, it is usually "off." The sermon was preached to the nuns of St. Catherine's Convent at Strassburg in 1502, on a text from Proverbs xxx., which I beg

leave to quote in its enchanting Latin: "*Ideo lepusculus, plebs invalida, ex ignavia et timore, collocat in petra cubile suum.*" The hare is the Christian Church, and its fourteen qualities are set forth at length. Four of them seem to have been dealt with on one day, and the remaining ten on the morrow. Hares were commoner in Alsace than lions, and Dr. Kaisersberg has nothing very startling to tell about the qualities of the hare, its timidity, its speed, its long ears, and so forth, which make up the first eight points. He has a good deal to say about the fact that it runs up hill better than down, because its front legs are so short. On the subject of the timidity of the hare, he inculcates the lesson that much good may come of fear, by telling the striking story of the origin of the Carthusian order. There was a teacher of theology at the University of Paris, Raymond by name, a Canon of Notre Dame, and, as was universally believed, a man of saintly life. He died, and as he was being carried to burial, followed by a great company of students, at the point of the service where the departed is addressed with the words: "*Responde mihi, quantas habes iniquitates,*" the body sat up on the bier, and said, "*I am accused.*" Horrorstruck, the bearers set him down, and the funeral was postponed till the following day. At the same point of the office the body raised itself again, and exclaimed, "*I am judged.*" Again the funeral was interrupted. On the third day the body spoke again, and said, "*I am condemned*"; and thereupon they flung it into a grave in unconsecrated ground. Out of horror at this occurrence, it is said, Bruno of Cologne, one of the disciples of Raymond, went into the wilderness and founded the Chartreuse.

To return to our hare, it is with the ninth point, when the hare is to be dressed for cooking, that the Doctor really warms to his subject. He explains how the hare is to be skinned: you can't pluck it, he says, as you would pluck a fowl, but you have to draw the skin off over the ears. Now, a man has to be stripped of three skins before he can make a good monk. First, his temporal goods; this is a tough skin, easy to get rid of. Then his self-will; this is tender and delicate, and hard to draw off. Thirdly and lastly, his concern with worldly things. He makes a number of curious remarks in this connection about life in convents, and the motives with which people enter them. It is clear that he had no very high opinion of the morals which prevailed as a rule,

though he says that if all vows were kept, a cloister would be an earthly paradise. It is most important, he says, that the vow of poverty should be strictly observed; a nun must have nothing that she can call her own, not a bird or a cat or a dog; a baby, even be it a doll in the shape of the Infant Saviour, is a peculiarly dangerous thing to introduce. Well, when the hare is skinned, it has to be spitted and roasted and basted—Dr. Kaisersberg knows all about these operations—and the “Pfeffer” or spice has to be prepared, of numerous ingredients. The spice is the Convent, and the peppercorns and other strong condiments which give it a sting are the hardships of convent life. The biggest peppercorn is the Prioress. The chances are about six to one that she is a person you can’t bear, but you have got to bear her all the same. The confessor is another spicy morsel to swallow. When all is done, and the hare is jugged, the good Christian monk or nun is served up to the King between two golden dishes, the glory of the soul, which is the dish proper, and the glory of the body, which is the cover.

The last two sections of the book are on the Seven Deadly Sins, represented as seven swords in the hands of so many demons, and the Seven Virtues, in which the swords are to be sheathed. The design of the seven swords, which is here reproduced, is fine and spirited. There is a great deal of character about the several demons; notice especially Anger, at the bottom on the right, who is biting his own sword in impotent fury. Pride, with peacock’s feathers, holds the central place. Sloth sits, with his weapon under his arm. The empty sheaths, in the last woodcut, are treated with much decorative skill.

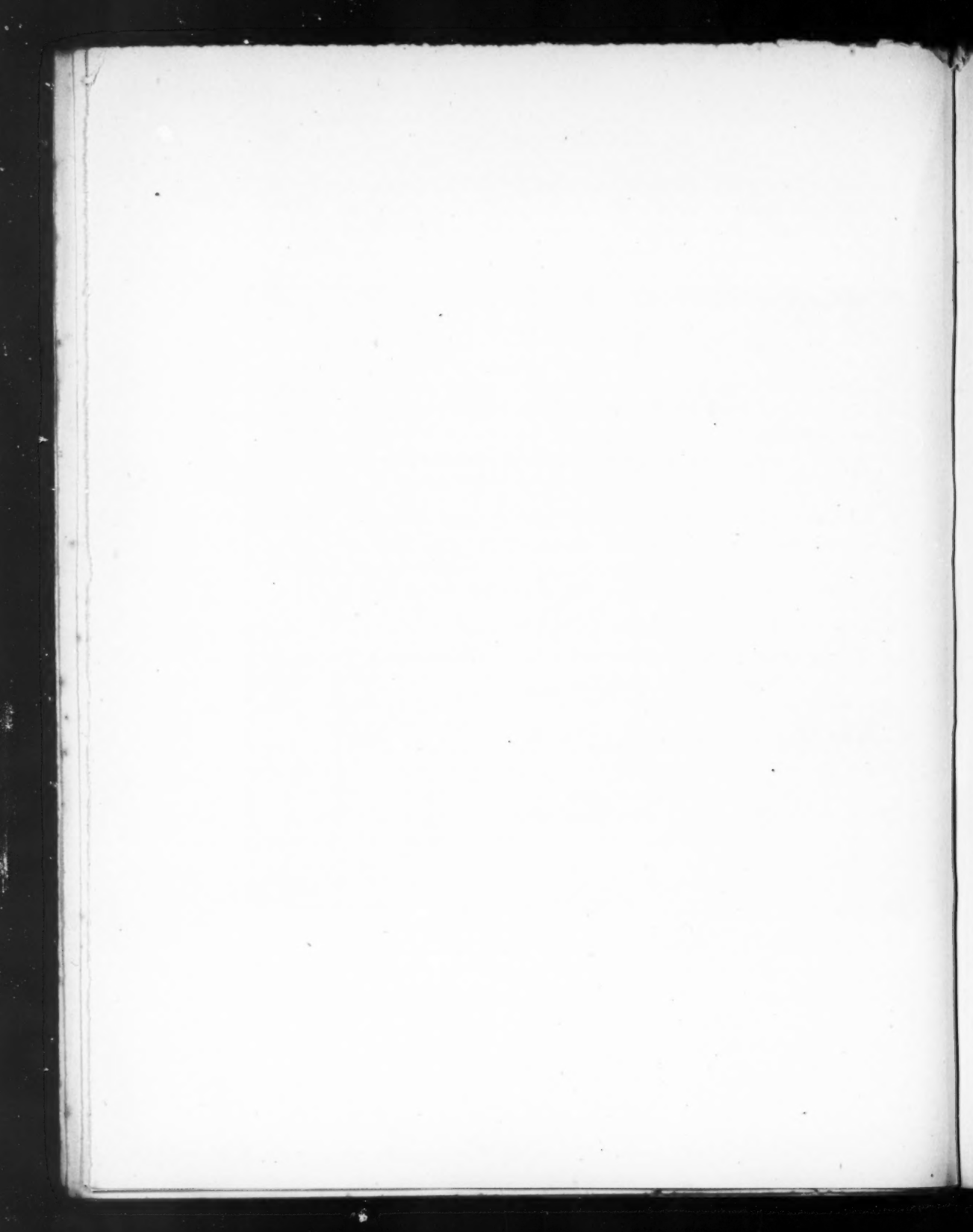
Here I take leave of Dr. Geiler von Kaisersberg, though I am sure he has much more—probably in sixty-three heads and upwards—prepared for my edification and amusement. I shall often open his sermons in moments of depression, to be cheered by that hearty grin on the face of the Worldly Lion.

Campbell Dodgson.

FIVE WOODCUTS

ILLUSTRATING "A PULPIT HUMOURIST"

1. DOCTOR GEILER VON KAISERSBERG IN THE PULPIT. By an
Unknown Artist.
2. THE SPIRITUAL SPINSTER. By HANS BURGKMAIR.
3. JUGGED HARE. BY HANS BURGKMAIR.
4. THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. By HANS BURGKMAIR.
(From *The Pomegranate*.)
5. THE WORLDLY LION. By "H. F."



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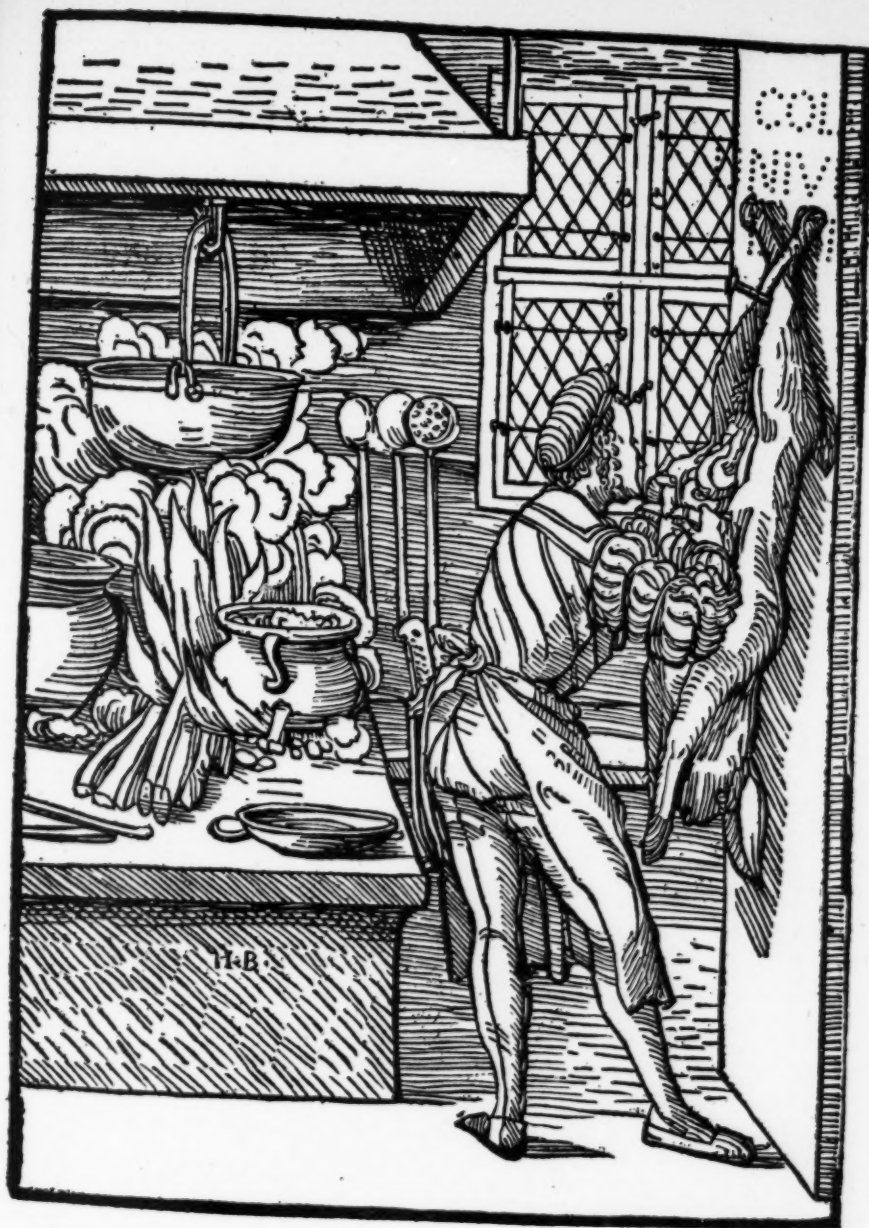




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IN A MIRROR

(As told by the Reflection in the Glass)

It had been a blank for long—so long: the low, quiet room, with the carved presses, and the white dimity hangings over the little bed in the corner. The roses nodded slumberously against the casement in summer, and in winter the bare boughs lashed thin fingers over the panes; and the moon stared in through the curtains and passed by, night after night, a silent visitor. But when the sweet spring arrived, with the first yellow daffodils, and the scent of the wallflowers stealing up from the garden, *She* came, and I had life.

She was a slip of a girl, with wistful eyes, and a great travelling-cloak thrown back from her shoulders and depending heavily by its strings. I had never seen her before, never known of her—but suddenly with her coming the great blank was filled, and I knew what it was to be complete—I had gained a reality.

The door was closed behind her, and for a moment she stood bewildered; then she turned restlessly to the window and leaned out. Only for a minute, though; there was a crunch and roll on the gravel without, and she sank back into a chair and began to cry.

Ah, how my heart went out to her in her trouble! I, too, rocked and lamented with her, and presently she became more composed, and began to look about her. The heavy cloak slipped down and lay on the floor, and she arose, drying her eyes, and peeped timidly about the room, and into the big presses, and the cupboard in the corner. I was excited and curious; no one ever moved anything in that room; it was always shut up, and still, and untouched. Now I also peeped within the opened doors, and

peered into the crannies of the old Japanese cabinet that stood in the recess, and fingered this and that, and half forgot the grief that I had witnessed.

Then, when everything was examined, she last of all came and stood silently before me, and we looked straight into one another's eyes.

Such a flower-like face, with the piled-up wavy hair, and the golden-brown eyes like the heart of a French marigold under the fine dark brows. None could feel sad when they looked on such a face, and "Courage, courage," I whispered softly, and we nodded to one another with a little trembling hope; and then a big bell clanged somewhere in the house, and she ran away and left me.

It had been dull before, dull with the unconsciousness of anything ever happening to break the monotony; and the days and nights had slipped peacefully away to the drone of Time's scythe, the light and the darkness in pairs, like the forms in some endless procession. Now had come a change—a stir—and the hours were rearranged and distinct; the happy, anxious hours when she was with me, and the empty, bereaved hours when she remained out of my sight,—and I waited, waited longingly to spring up and greet her on her return.

How could I be happy when she was out of my sight? We were one in everything but body—whatever she did, I did, and I reflected every sentiment of joy or sorrow that ever crossed her face. Sorrow was there the oftenest for a time, and then how I longed to comfort her! but what could I do? I was ignorant of the cause of all her grief, only I suspected that people were not kind to her, and I did not know how to tell her of my love. I only looked sadly and appealingly at her, and she would look so at me, and then turn away her head, and think no more about me.

After a while the sorrow died away, and she became happier, and then I too was glad; for she took more notice of me, and cared for me, so that my bloom came back: and I was so light of heart, that once when she danced a little tripping measure before me, that ended in a sweeping curtsey, and a rain of waving curls, I too danced and smiled and flung out my arms to her, and in a sudden strange transport of affection we leaned forward and kissed one another through the glass.

Ah, my sweet sister, my life! It was after that that she became pensive and silent; and she would bring little slips of paper into the room with her, and read them, and then sit gazing dreamily at me for hours.

Those were my hours of bliss. I cared nothing for the bits of paper, they were nothing at all to me;—but her deep eyes that sunk through and through me, and glowed with a fire that penetrated to my very heart. And I too made my eyes deep and speaking, to tell her of all the love that was in me, for I had no words in which to utter it.

I longed for nothing better than that the days might always pass in this fashion; but presently there came a change.

She grew fitful and uneasy, and there were harsh and cruel voices that followed her up the stairs: she would bolt them out, and stand trembling inside the door; and I was frightened, for she seemed to have forgotten me, and I did not know what it all meant. After a time I noticed something: they were always the same little bits of paper, worn very thin now, and crumpled, over which she wept; and never any more came to make her eyes glow again as of old. But parcels came, which, on being opened by her reluctant fingers, would disclose fine jewels, which she cast from her shudderingly,—and flowers, stiff, formal nosegays, that were left to wither where they lay. And at last one day there came a flat, long box, that contained a white gown and a veil.

I shall never lose the impress of that day. The voices were louder and more imperative outside, but she sat before me with those little scraps of paper clenched desperately in her hands, and her eyes gazing, gazing into mine. I could not say "Courage" any more, though I tried; but something she must have gathered from my look, for in the end her face grew brave and firm, and she never once faltered as she dressed herself in the shimmering gown, and fastened the veil over her waving hair.

Then she drew something swiftly out of a locked drawer in the Japanese cabinet (how the little demon on the top grinned as she did so!) and hid it in the bosom of her gown. And then, while the voices called her yet more clamorously from without, she came back once more, and looked at me again.

A strange, wistful look, half sorry, half triumphant: and I smiled at her, for I thought, "She has found a way to overcome her trouble, and afterwards we shall be happy together, she and I." Then, with erect head, and quick, unfaltering step, she turned and left me alone.

And the hours passed, and the day and the night, but she did not return; and I waited and waited, and grew sick with suspense and dread. A dog howled under the window that night, and the moonbeams slid in and touched a broken necklace on the floor, and the wired stalks and paper lace of the bouquet that lay beside it. Then they touched a little sheaf of papers with their silver fingers, and I saw that she had tied up the crumpled little notes with a broad blue band, and left them on the table before me. My heart leapt at the sight. I knew she carried them with her wherever she went, and that directly she discovered their loss she would come back for them; so I stood ready, and waited for her, that I might greet her with a smile, and show her that I had kept them safe.

The day broke with noise and commotion, and a wild wind that swept against the house, and rattled all the casements and the doors; and the door at the end of the room burst open, and an old man came in.

There was a look of baffled rage upon his face when he saw the cast-off treasures on the floor; but his glance did not rest upon them long; it shot hither and thither over the confusion as though searching for something he lacked, and it seemed he found it in the packet on the table, for he came eagerly forward to grasp it.

Something made him look up as he did so, and he fell back with a strange hoarse cry, and thrust out his hands as if to ward off a blow.

Why was it? I had only looked at him, but my face was very white, as I had last seen *her* face, and I put my hand out over the letters and held them fast. It was all I could do for her till she came back to me.

He crouched there a long, long time, and at last he crept forward again, with his face hidden, and groped on the table for the packet; but his hand encountered the cold glass, and he shrieked and stumbled tottering from the room.

I was alert and watchful, for I thought then she would come; and when next the door opened I started up quickly in my white raiment to greet her. But they were strangers to me that entered, so I put my hands out over the packet, and again they fled, and I heard their cries of terror die away in the corridor.

It has been very quiet since then, and the letters in my charge are growing yellow, and the dust lies thick upon them, but she has never returned to claim them.

Feet that pass the door tread hastily as if in fear, but they never enter now: and all the past has become dim and visionary, save the face and form of her for whom I still stand in white attire, and wait.

Beatrice Hardie.

ROTTERDAM

(An Impression)

At any time I can evolve Holland from a rose and orange Gouda cheese throned on a blue and white Delft plate.

The cheese is so intimately symbolic of the Dutch, that one can live the whole life of Holland in a cheese-paring. It suggests, by a curious train of colour, the soft emerald pastures that feed the black and white cows, toys of expensive make; the chessboard of the landscape, cut into squares by neat dykes, and thickly sprinkled with contented pawns in the shape of sleek cattle; with windmills for castles, airy, fantastic windmills, whirling rhythmically on the flat horizon, quaint wooden things that seem to give a touch of the decadent-grotesque to the stolid virtuous country, where all the rivers have been turned into canals, and all the hills rolled smooth, till hills in Holland are about as common as curls on a Puritanical head.

Now I don't know if you have ever noticed this fact, but I have remarked that all dull, flat countries have brilliant towns, while splendid, spirited landscapes have dull towns. Look, for instance, at the big towns of India—brilliant, full of colour—while the country is flat and arid; look at the towns on the northern plains of Italy; look at Port Said and Cairo on the Egyptian sands; look, if you like, at Ostend on the Belgian seaboard. Holland proves no exception to this rule; and you will find enough colour, crudity, and movement in Rotterdam to fit out a dozen English seaports.

But Rotterdam's whole effect is not crude: it has gallantly cleared the boundary-wall that fences off the grotesque and the bizarre from crudity (on the hither side) and alighted on the

thither side—without rattling a hoof. Rotterdam appreciates the value of excess. It knows that while a single flaring colour will hurt and tease you, a riot of flaming colours will prove an eye-resting sight and a pleasing. (That's why you have to affix so many inferior strings at a time to your bow.) Thus the canals of Rotterdam, with their slow-moving pageant of sea-going colours, are charming to look upon. Lacking the distinction of Venetian canals—and the conventionality—they yet supply a fair under-study to the gondola in the shape of the barge. Myriads of barges, freakishly diverse in colour, gem every canal, some with green hulls and brown lateen sails, tanned by the salt winds and the sun to a dreamy, doubtful amber; some with blood-red canvas—like the scarlet-sailed ship of Vanderdecken charming Vanderdecken!—some lazily moving down-stream with their stolid gold-eared skippers; some lying up against the stone noisy quay, loading and unloading—cheeses from Gouda, I am sure! lovely tawny-golden cheeses that glow in the sun, Paderewski-coloured cheeses with rind of rose jacinth, mystic, wonderful; cargo of Schiedam; and, perchance, blue and white delicate highly-polished Delft from the high factory with the many windows on the Hook of Holland, carefully stowed away from all danger of wooden shoes and Dutch clumsiness. In describing Dutch scenery, it is impossible to evade the word quaint—quite impossible—so I won't try. Rotterdam is above all things quaint, and yet clean. Too clean. The pavements are never dry. "Sixty maids with sixty mops" are, in Holland, no legend but everyday prose; and pails of water are superadded. Wherefore your delicately-varnished boots are insulted and dimmed at each step, as you pace dreamily along the wonderful Boompjes,—a flower of Art in a vegetable garden of Commerce, a tender blossom rudely buffeted by terrible Dutch navvies and fishwives and porters and trollies, and the thousand and one shocks of a thriving seaport. Personally I own to a weakness for seaports. Rotterdam, Antwerp, Marseilles—even our own docks—have a romantic attraction for me. I love the aromatic, pungent odour of tar; the ships and the picturesque blackguards of sailors; the sense of the nearness and the remoteness of foreign lands; the possibility of escape and of refuge; the mysterious cargoes; the cosmopolitan loafers—quaint citizens of the world;

and the joyous bustle of departure. Incidentally I find myself dreaming the sailors' chorus from "Tristan," that wild chorus which is the very breath of the sea's romance.

Alas! in a seaport town one realises the importance of the chorus. All these hard-working sailors and people making such a disturbing show of energy are members of the chorus: not one could ever have a line of his, or even of her, own to speak. To those of us who feel that we are cast for Principal Boy—and how many of us do not feel it?—these worthy souls are a trifle irritating. Still, if nearly the whole world were not cast for the chorus, if speaking parts were universal, life would be unbearable!

To return to the subject of seaports, Rotterdam insists too much on its maritime proclivities: its personality is as insistent and as penetrating as that of a fried haddock. However, Rotterdam has its compensations. For when I was exploring the busy town in languid search of Delft, I found a hall-marked curiosity shop just under the long railway bridge. This shop was kept by an old Jew in company with a beautiful greyhound, whose lithe movements were totally unprejudicial even to delicate Delft—delicate by reason not so much of its texture as its rivets. The old Jew showed me modern blue Delft with landscapes, and windmills, and high glaze, and brigs of Scheveningen; he also showed me old coloured Delft wrought into fanciful vases and pots, and most marvellous beasts, with little bouquets of impossible flowers tastefully adorning their innocent hides, dogs and lions and cows, about as true to life as the pictures of any self-respecting painter. I invested deeply in quaint beasts (I am not a Realist), and likewise in two Hungarian lions, fierce, Magyar, carnivorous, tamed into candlesticks, tawny and blue and crowned.

Then, having no resources within myself, I resolutely sought the fair of Kermesse, which happened to be in full swing when I was at Rotterdam. So Rotterdam and Gingerbread are interchangeable terms in my mind. The whole town was permeated with most ambrosial gingerbread and a rowdy fair. The gingerbread was certainly nice—but the piano-organs! those piano-organs rattling out English music-hall tunes! And there was likewise another kind of organ, a weird, whining instrument that only the Powers of Darkness could have originated when High-

land bagpipes had palled on their inventive genius. I studied the revellers. Bland, childlike, and idiotic, they swung on merry-go-rounds, or executed impromptu war-dances in the middle of the road. Kermesse is a little violent in its delights. The women amused me. They have an original way of wearing an ordinary bonnet superimposed upon their national head-dress of a close linen or muslin cap with brass corkscrews on either side, worn as a horse wears blinkers,—but these are less becoming to women than are blinkers to a horse with a sweet face. Among the stolid, solid Dutch peasantry I divined a peculiarly un-Dutch type—rare but existent—Celtic, fair, and refined. This reconciled me to the conception of Vanderdecken as a Dutchman—which has often troubled me. A fair, gilt Vanderdecken might look very nice on the phantom ship, “blood-red the canvas, black the mast.”

From Vanderdecken my thoughts went seawards. To rest my senses from the study of the People—amid Humanity I find myself ever seeking “the one flower absent from all bouquets”—I took a steamer down the Maas to the coast, the desolate Sandy Hook of Holland. There I mooned happily about, remarking the iron line of the North Sea, the dense grey waves with their fringes of rusty foam, like the manes of dissipated, desert-worn lions. One sees this strange opaque sea in the old Dutch pictures. Now I have some experience of seas, and I may say without affectation that the North Sea is the ugliest bit of water I have ever set eyes on. Contrast this dull, lifeless wave with the brilliant translucent blue of the Mediterranean, with its glittering foam-fringe, so archangelically white. Aimlessly I moved about the melancholy beach, and sat me down and thought. My soul was sick of black and white cows, of windmills and copper milk-bowls, of green pastures and stalwart fishwives—even of canals and glowing barges. But the exquisite fitness of my Rotterdam curiosity shop abode gratefully in my memory. Old Jew—Rotterdam—curios—faithful hound—Delft—dust—lumber. It seems incredible, this journalistic perfection of properties. Yet it is true. For as the Impossible is credible, so is the Incredible possible. Forgive aphorism! One grows aphoristic, travelling alone.

Oh, I detest the Dutch character! the tidiness, the thrift,

the utilitarianism. Oh, they are a bourgeois race: they pay their bills, they do not love the Romance! Yet I like their dresses from both an artistic and a purely utilitarian point of view. The cheese is the *idée fixe*, the *leit motif* of Holland. At any time a tawny golden cheese on a charger of blue and white Delft can make me joyful as Herodias.

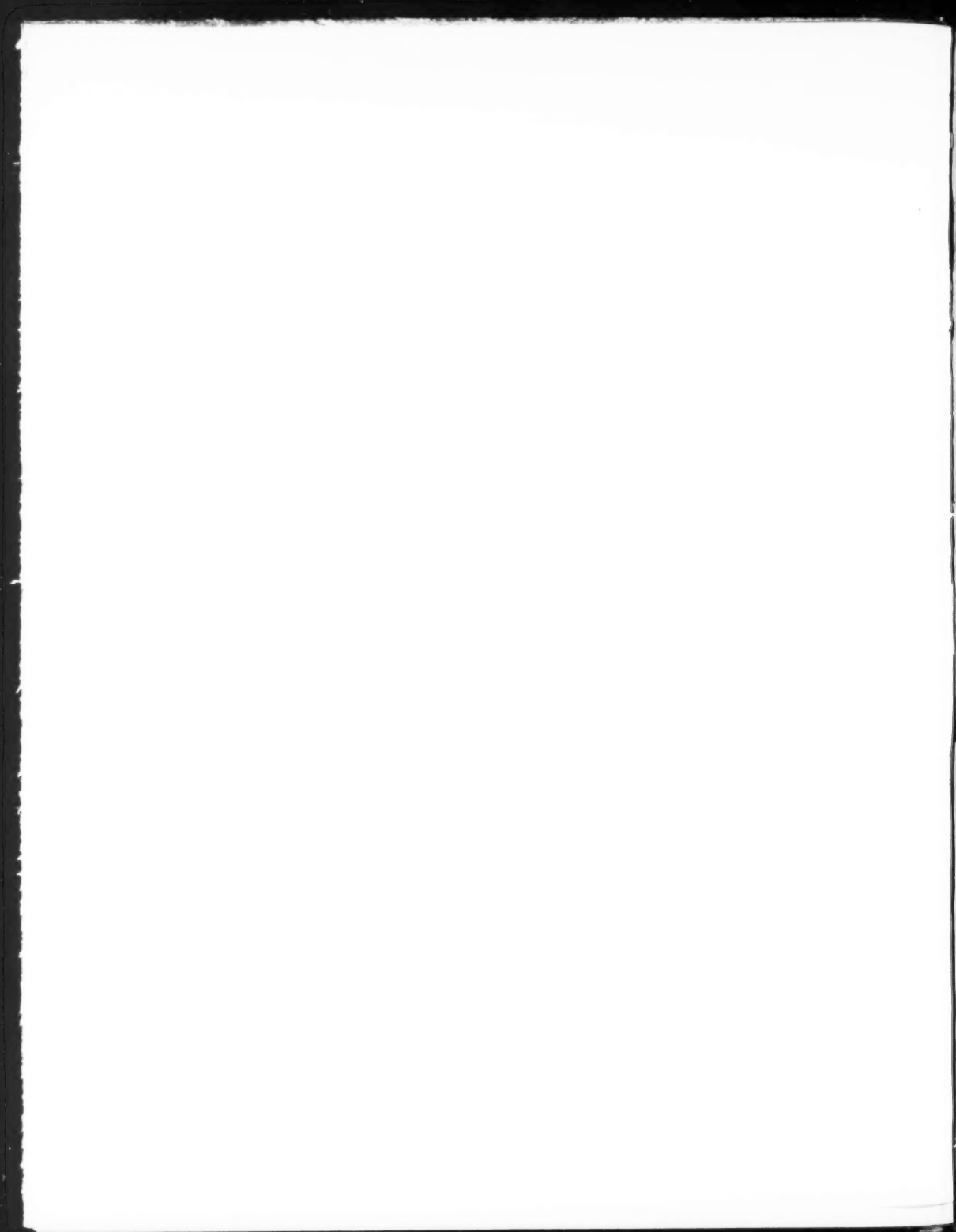
Israfel.

"THE NATIVITY," the first of the following Plates, is reproduced from a Painting by Albrecht Altdorfer, now at Bremen. The second, third, and fourth are from a Portfolio of Lithographs (only twenty copies of which were printed) by Stewart Carmichael of Dundee. They are respectively entitled "THE UNHAPPY QUEEN," "THE PLAYER ON THE JEW'S HARP," and "A DANCE OF ANGELS."

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A CHILD OF THE MARSHLAND

Adapted by EDITH WINGATE RINDER from the original of the Breton writer, ANATOLE LE BRAZ. With an illustration by F. O'NEILL GALLAGHER.

"Between the old man and the child there is only a life ; and life is so short."
Breton Proverb.





A CHILD OF THE MARSHLAND

THE Yeun is a vast marsh, a great, gloomy bog of peat. It stretches far as the eye can travel from the foot of the Menez-Mikel to the southern side of the mountains of Arhez. Of all the reaches of inland Brittany, none is more imposing, more fantastically wild. In summer the swampy steppe basks in the sunshine, green or rose-coloured, violet or pearly grey, varying with every change of light. The whirr of insects, the flutter of wings in the gorse bushes, scarce trouble the infinite silences. But with the coming of the black month, the silent peat-land is transformed into a sinister arena, where the roaring herds of the tempest congregate, where every wind gathers to struggle, to fight, to rage, with desperate and terrifying clamour.

It is strange that men can be found to live among these wild horizons, in the midst of this desolate and dreary nature. Yet there are dwellers in the marshland. True, they are but few, and those of the most primitive: four or five families, whose ancestors dwelt there before them, who live solitarily apart, separated as they are by great distances, yet content with their lot. "We can see the smoke rise from our neighbour's roof," they say, "that is enough. Let each bide by his own hearth." Often, around the same chimney-corner, several generations are gathered. Men live to a great age in that land of peat, of stagnant waters, of black despair. Fever—a dark spirit, dressed in rags—wrings the necks of the weak in her bony fingers, while the stalwart attain to an almost biblical age. The vivifying air of the neighbouring mountains lends strength to those whom the malaria has not killed.

Then, too, life is so calm in those regions; its course so slow, so monotonous, that it neither comes nor goes. It is somnolent,

quiescent; like the brown pools in the peat moss, it ebbs, as it were, by evaporation only.

Here, as elsewhere, man has taken on the likeness of things; he has become the slave of the Yeun. In thought and in look, he reflects the sorrowful waste. The profound silences of space, and the resounding roar of the tempest, tend alike to silence. Few words are exchanged, for, indeed, there is little to tell.

One of the four or five hovels which border on the Yeun is known as Corn-Cam, and lies at the base of Menez-Mikel, at the angle formed by the high-road of Morlaix with the little hill-path of Saint-Riwal. It is a miserable hut, the crumbling stones of its walls badly joined with coarse clay, whose slate roof has given way in places, exposing the rotten beams and decayed wood of the timber-work. Above the door hangs a spray of mistletoe, almost as ancient as the building itself, which would long ago have been a victim to the wind, but for the spiders' webs which cover it and bind it together.

Corn-Cam is a forlorn inn, where neither pedestrian nor horse takes shelter, but where, from time to time, some passing carter or pedlar may pause. Frequently, there is no one in the building when the traveller appears, except an old grandfather, mayhap counting nigh a century, who sits, as though petrified, on the hearth. In that case the wayfarer helps himself, and leaves two coppers on the table, beside the empty glass. The trustfulness of the innkeeper in that poor region is equalled only by the honesty of the passer-by.

This household of which I write consisted of some eight persons: the *tadiou-coz*, or grandfather, in his ninety-eighth year; his daughter, Radegonda Nanes, left a widow in early youth, and now close upon seventy; his grandson, a rough, uncouth man about fifty, known everywhere as Bleiz-ar-Yeun, Wolf of the Peat-land; his wife, a poor feeble creature; and three children, one little girl and two small boys.

The *tadiou-coz* was slowly dying in the corner of the hearth, whence he never now stirred his stiffened limbs, lifeless as the branches of a withered trunk. From hour to hour he sat as though rooted to his seat, like some rude idol, his hands resting

on his knees, his feet glued to the hearth. His very existence would have been almost forgotten, had it not been for the regular sound of his moaning breath. Radegonda had for long taken charge of him, but as she became crippled and blind, Bleiz-ar-Yeun had given him over to the care of Liettik.

Liettik—diminutive for Aliette—who was in her twelfth year, inherited the delicate health of her mother, and her mind was reputedly as weak as her body. She was said to have a limited intelligence, because when spoken to she frequently did not reply, and was ever as one in a dream. She had been sent at one time with her brothers to Saint-Riwal school, but the teacher could not make her learn her letters. It was the same with the Catechism; Liettik was the despair of the good old priest, not but that she was gentle, good, and attentive, but because, apparently, the lessons made no impression upon her poor little brain, soft as the wet peats of the Yeun.

One day, after a long and careful instruction on the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the priest, confident that at last she had understood, asked:

“How many persons are there in God, my child?”

Liettik looked at him with her wide-open eyes, the large dreamy eyes of the visionary:

“Come, say it after me: ‘In God there are Three Persons, the Father—’”

“Oh yes,” eagerly interrupted the strange little being, “the Father, the Mother, and the Son.”

There was a burst of laughter from the other catechumens at this heresy. The priest shrugged his shoulders, and in a tone of infinite pity said:

“Do not laugh. Liettik—Liettik is a simpleton.”

From that time forward, she was known throughout the country as the simpleton of the Yeun.

At twelve, her father had intended to send her to Roquiere’s farm, where, as a little servant, she would have earned, in addition to five francs a year, two ells of cloth and three pairs of sabots. But the idea had to be abandoned. Bleiz-ar-Yeun was furious, and Liettik was terrified of him. Every morning, at ten o’clock, she carried his rye-bread soup to where he was at work among the peats. Swift as a bird, she flew over the spongy

soil. But, on her return, as soon as she was out of sight of the peat-cutter, she loitered happily, gathering and blowing into the air the tufts of fine down with which in summer the Yeun is starred as with flakes of snow in early spring. She did not fear her mother, who took no interest in anything save her own troubles. Her grandmother, too, was kind; her only distress being that the little one was too feeble in intellect to learn to knit. Knitting was the old woman's craze. She passed the whole day, and part of the night, making the needles click between her bony fingers, long and thin as a spider's legs. In this work, to which she clung so tenaciously, she found a kind of joy, perhaps the only one she had ever known. Her lifeless eyes would shine with a strange light, as if the little flashes of steel had slipped through the red wool, and were reflected therein.

As to the boys, since last winter, Liettik had only seen them on Sunday, when they came out of mass. Both of them had gone as cow-herds in the neighbourhood of Saint-Riwal. They would meet for a few moments in the graveyard, among the grassy mounds, where their ancestors lay at rest, and perhaps ask their sister :

"Tell us, Liettik, does the old fellow moan still?"

She would reply with a nod of her head, and, as a rule, the conversation went no further.

Liettik would have been glad if they had not spoken to her of the *tadiou-coz*. He inspired her with horror. He seemed like some strange, supernatural being, with face and hands of stone, the hair which covered his chin and his cheeks as the grey moss on the mountain rocks. But it was his immobility, above all, which terrified the child. He was to her as one long dead, one whom the car of the Ankou—the grating of whose dreaded axle might be heard, ever and again, in the stillness of a winter's night—had passed by unheeding.

Sombre legends have arisen within the solitary confines of the peat-land. In the midst of that vast quagmire is a treacherous crevasse, hidden by long marsh-grass, whose depths, according to tradition, may never be sounded. This yawning gulf, leading, it may be, to the infernal well, is akin to the Breton Orcus, and is called the Youdik, meaning "soft pulp." It is to this spot that,

from every part of Brittany, are brought the bewitched, the possessed of evil spirits which the other world rejects, but which the living will not have among them because of the spells they cast. To free the possessed, a fearless priest must touch them with the end of his stole, and cause the evil spirit to pass into the body of a black dog. The horrible creature is then dragged to the Youdik, and thrown in, the man so doing being careful to turn aside his face, and make the sign of the cross thrice. According to Radegonda, the *tadiou-coz*, in his time, had led more than one dog in leash to this fatal spot. Who knows but that the evil spirits, out of revenge, may not have condemned him to remain rooted to his seat on the hearth of Corn-Cam till the day of judgment. Fragments of some such story had reached the ears of Liettik from the mouths of old gossips.

With the autumn rains, Radegonda Nanes found rest from her rheumatism in a last sleep. Her body was placed in a cart, and drawn by two oxen and a hill-pony to the graveyard of Saint-Riwal.

The *tadiou-coz* still preserved his mournful silence. But that evening, when Liettik went to give him his barley-broth, she saw, on his hard, withered cheeks, two big tears, tears almost as large as the symbolical ones painted in white on the black wood of a catafalque.

Without knowing why, she burst into sobs, and from that time forward found it less repellent to wait upon the old man, nor when she slept did she now dream that he was trying to stifle her.

But with the long and sad half-lights of winter, all her terror returned. November, with its funeral knells, its moaning chimes, passed; then came December, the blackest month. In the region of the mountains of Arhez this season is full of terror.

All day, all night, the wind from the Atlantic roared in the gorges of the mountains; then, reaching the open spaces of the Yeun, tore along as a mad bull, with groans and cries, with hoarse appeal, with vast, mysterious clamour. There were times when the cottage shook, when it seemed about to capsize like a boat in distress on a wild sea. The old slates of the roof clattered, the cupboard doors opened unaccountably, the beams and the woodwork seemed to shake as with ague. On those evenings, Liettik would remain

from hour to hour, stretched upon her little straw bed, motionless, looking at the great moving objects in the darkness, not daring to close her eyes, because of the strange lights which slid under her eyelids and danced the wildest dance, rising and falling, crossing one another and recrossing, like grotesque spiders aflame.

Nor were these the child's only terrors. Gladly would she have become blind, but yet more gladly deaf; for what she saw was nothing compared with what she heard. Once her father had said, "The devil in the wind is up to every kind of trick," and in the simple mind of Liettik this saying was engraven as with hot iron. Henceforth the wind remained for her a phantasmal and enigmatic being, a strange personality, neither living nor dead, a sort of savage vagabond, a wandering Jew, in space, fashioned of living, roaring darkness, hostile to trees, to houses, to the peaceful slumber of a child. Then, too, this savage clamour was like the moaning of the old man, vast, infinite, all-embracing.

Liettik had come to conceive of the world as one immense peat-moor, in summer bathed in sunlight, but for the rest of the year peopled with distorted faces, with strange and terrifying monsters, with poor little souls in distress. She tried to dream of paradise, but paradise was so far away, so high up; besides, she would not care to go there, as grandmother Radegonda had gone, in a box; she wanted to go on foot, with her good angel, the good angel to whom she confided all her troubles in her evening prayers, and whom she longed to see, even if it were only the white tip of his wing. One morning, she awoke quite happy, though she had cried herself to sleep. Snow had fallen during the night, the gentle snow of the west, which lay like a diamond dust over everything. The Yeun was magnificent in its white robe. The wind was at rest.

Liettik lighted a fire, and prepared her father's soup.

"What sort of weather is it?" he asked, stretching himself.

"Snow everywhere," replied the child, "everywhere, everywhere," and her poor little thin face was almost beautiful in its joy.

"Well, then," said Bleiz-ar-Yeun, turning to his wife, "they won't find me cutting peat to-day. I hear that some flights of wild duck have been seen in the neighbourhood of Bodmeur. If the devil or the gendarmes of Brazpars don't interfere, I shall bring back my share of yellow beaks this evening."

He rose, put on his shooting-boots, took down his gun from over the mantelpiece, and went out.

Liëttik passed the greater part of the day crouched on the threshold. The vast snowy landscape enchanted her; never before, so long as she could remember, had she seen the Yeun so imposing in its quiet majesty, its pervading silence. The pale-blue sky was cloudless, the air clear as crystal. Far away the gaze reached across limpid waters, to an infinite distance. Beyond the circle of the immediate mountains, Liëttik saw others, of whose existence she had never even dreamed; unknown church spires pointed heavenward on the extreme limit of the horizon. It was to her the revelation of a new world, and her feeble imagination was so overpowered, that she sat there until evening, her little hands rolled up in her pinafore because of the cold.

With the first shadows of twilight, a black figure was outlined against the grey-white solitude. It was her father returning.

He had shot nothing; the ducks must have flown in a more southerly direction. But his peat-cutting companions, whom he had met at Bodmeur, had kept him to have a drink with them.

"By the way," he said, in rather a thick voice, "as I was crossing Kergombou farm, I met one of the lads on his way home here. His master was sending him to ask us to join the feast to-night. They are to have eels and boar's head."

"So it is," whined his wife, in her querulous voice, "it is Christmas Eve to-night."

"Are you strong enough for the journey? We shall be expected at Kergombou for the midnight mass."

"Faith, it's years since I have eaten any eels, it may do me good!"

"Get ready, then."

Liëttik had not appeared to listen to the conversation. Kneeling on the hearth, she mechanically stirred the soup which she was preparing for the old man's meal. The woman pinned on her shawl, put her cap on her thin greying hair, and was ready.

"Pass me a burning ember to light the lantern," said Bleiz-ar-Yeun to Liëttik.

The child started. She was livid. Great tears streamed down

her cheeks; there was an agony of fear in her eyes. With clasped hands, she implored her father:

"Oh!—don't go!—I am so frightened!—not alone—Oh! not alone with him!"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Go to bed, if you are afraid!" he grunted, turning towards his wife, who added peevishly, by way of consolation:

"Come, be reasonable, and I will bring you back something from the feast in my handkerchief."

They were about to go out. Liettik, beside herself with terror, clung to her mother's skirts, crying, "Mamm!—Mamm!"—

With a brutal gesture, Bleiz-ar-Yeun pushed her back, and, dragging away his wife, shut the door violently behind him.

Liettik fell on the damp earth, at the spot where the carters sat, and where, according to custom, they emptied the dregs of their glasses. There she lay in the mud, this poor little human derelict, her arms clasped round her head, that she might neither see nor hear. But, despite everything, she still heard the sinister moaning of the *tadiou-coz*. In the silence of the snow-clad night, and in the empty house, it became more strident, more terrifying. Neither could she help seeing the old man, this redoubtable and mysterious shadowy figure, graven as it were in the chimney-corner, with the hearth for pedestal, like the statue of one of the ancient household gods. A resin candle, fixed in front of him, lighted up the face with an uncertain, fantastic light.

Haunted by the dreadful image of the old man, Liettik did not dare to rise, lest she should attract his attention. She tried, however, to crawl to the hole which served her as bed. Suddenly she stopped. The wooden bench on which the old man sat, groaned. Raising her head, she waited, her heart beating as though it would break. In truth, the sight chilled her to the bone. The old man, whom she had always seen immovable as a block of granite, was attempting, his arms placed on the sides of his chair, to get upon his feet, and all his bones creaked.

"He is coming—he is going to strangle me, and will drag me to the Youdik, as he used to drag the black dogs!" thought Liettik.

She seemed to feel in her flesh the sharp nails, hard as claws,

and, sinking down at the foot of the stair, making a last sign of the cross, she fainted.

How long she remained thus, her body stiffened like that of a bird overtaken by the cold, she did not know. When a faint gleam of feeling returned, it seemed to her that her soul was changed. The past had vanished; she was neither cold, nor was she afraid. No longer was she the sad little Liettik of former days, but a little light visionary thing, almost as fairylike as one of the downy blossoms which she was wont to gather in the Yeun, and watch as they floated softly heavenward. Was she asleep? Was she in a waking dream? In any case, she was very happy; never had she known such joy. Fugitive thoughts flitted through her little brain—thoughts which she had never known before—like pale clouds on an August night.

Suddenly she heard beside her a voice, saying:

"Liettik, dear little Liettik, open your eyes. I am not what you think me. In the name of Jesus of Bethlehem, open your eyes, and you will see me as I really am."

The voice was weak, trembling, broken, but the accent so tender that it went straight to her heart.

Liettik opened her eyes, and saw, kneeling near her, his face bent over hers, a thin old man, with yellow wizened skin. In every way he resembled the *tadiou-coz*, save that on his lips was one of those long melancholy smiles, beautiful as a gleaming star. If only for this smile, the child would gladly have kissed the old man, ugly as he was. He raised her head, and with one hand caressed the long hair which had fallen from beneath her cap. It was the first time she had ever felt the sweetness of a human caress, and she gave herself up to the ecstasy of it, without even noticing that the hand which so delicately stroked her temples was black, the nails coarse and long. Soothing her the while, the old man questioned her:

"You are no longer afraid of me, little one?"

"Have I been afraid? Why should I be afraid?" asked Liettik.

"Listen, dear child. It is sad to live too long. One becomes a burden to oneself, and to others. One spends the second half of life in regretting the first, in wondering at the happiness of others, because joy for us is past. There is no school in which

one may learn to grow old. It is sad to be no longer fair to look upon, to rejoice no more in the blessed sunlight. Year upon year, drawn in upon myself as in a tomb, I have reflected on these things. The evening of man's life is heavy with clouds which grow ever heavier; and as for me, I have lived beyond the evening, lived into the dark heart of the night, so that, in appearance, I am like a phantom, like some spirit of darkness, and I bring fear into the hearts of my children's children. But now, you are no longer afraid, sweetheart? How happy it would make me to see you smile, Liettik!"

Liettik did more than smile at the old man: she kissed his hard beard, and found it soft as silk.

What was it that had thus changed the soul of Liettik, the soul of the old man, even the surrounding objects themselves? It was true that there were the same patchy walls, the same simple furniture, the same resin candle, in this poor little hovel of Corn-Cam. But everything seemed larger, seemed indeed to have taken on an air of infinite solemnity. Through the sloping skylight a beautiful star shimmered, and its light fell on the bare forehead of the *tadiou-coz*, surrounding it as with a nimbus. Suddenly he trembled.

"Listen, Liettik!" he murmured, raising his finger. The sound of organ music, the loud vibratory clang of bells, echoed and re-echoed across the sonorous distance. The old man continued in a grave voice: "It is the midnight mass, my child, our hour has come; rise and follow me."

Whither they were going, Liettik did not even think to ask, as they set out hand in hand. How beautiful the moon was over that immense, melancholy peat-land! Bright tracks of light traversed it in every direction, and along these paths countless files hastened, singing psalms as they went. At their head walked a woman clad in a blue mantle, and carrying in her arms an infant, swathed in golden robes, as if he were the son of a king. The fresh nocturnal air was warmed and sweetened by the burden of the songs. The old man and the child joined the mysterious company. Beneath their feet the snow was soft. Never had Liettik trotted along so happily. After crossing the Yeun, the procession took the upward path to Riwal. The little village square was deserted, but in the window of every house

burned a candle, and long spirals of smoke rose waveringly in the calm air above the roofs. The church sparkled with lights. When they had reached the graveyard, the old man said :

"Let us rest here a moment, little one."

He sat down on the steps of the Calvary, in the shadow of the Cross, his hand resting on the shoulder of the child. The midnight mass was just over, the bells were ringing merrily, and the worshippers began to leave the church. Liettik recognised the people from Kergombou farm, and, among them, her father and mother and brother. She longed to speak.

"Say good-night to them," said her old grandfather, "but do not be surprised if they pass by unheeding." She called to them, but they did not even turn; perhaps their thoughts were full of the boar's head and the eels. Among the crowd, Liettik recognised her teacher, but neither did she reply to the child's greeting. So it was with the old priest, the last to leave the church. His face buried in a muffler, his hands thrust into the sleeves of his cassock, he hurried past them, preoccupied. Whilst Liettik was making him a gracious curtsey, he spoke to the sexton :

"Go into the rectory, Jean-Louis; Mar' Yvonne owes you a good glass of wine."

The folk of Saint-Riwal and the surrounding hamlets had all disappeared; and as through the silent country echoed the joyous voices of those who hastened to their Christmas feast, once more the blue-cloaked woman, pressing to her breast the golden-robed infant, appeared, and behind her the long procession of the singers of psalms.

"Let us go," murmured the *tadion-coz*.

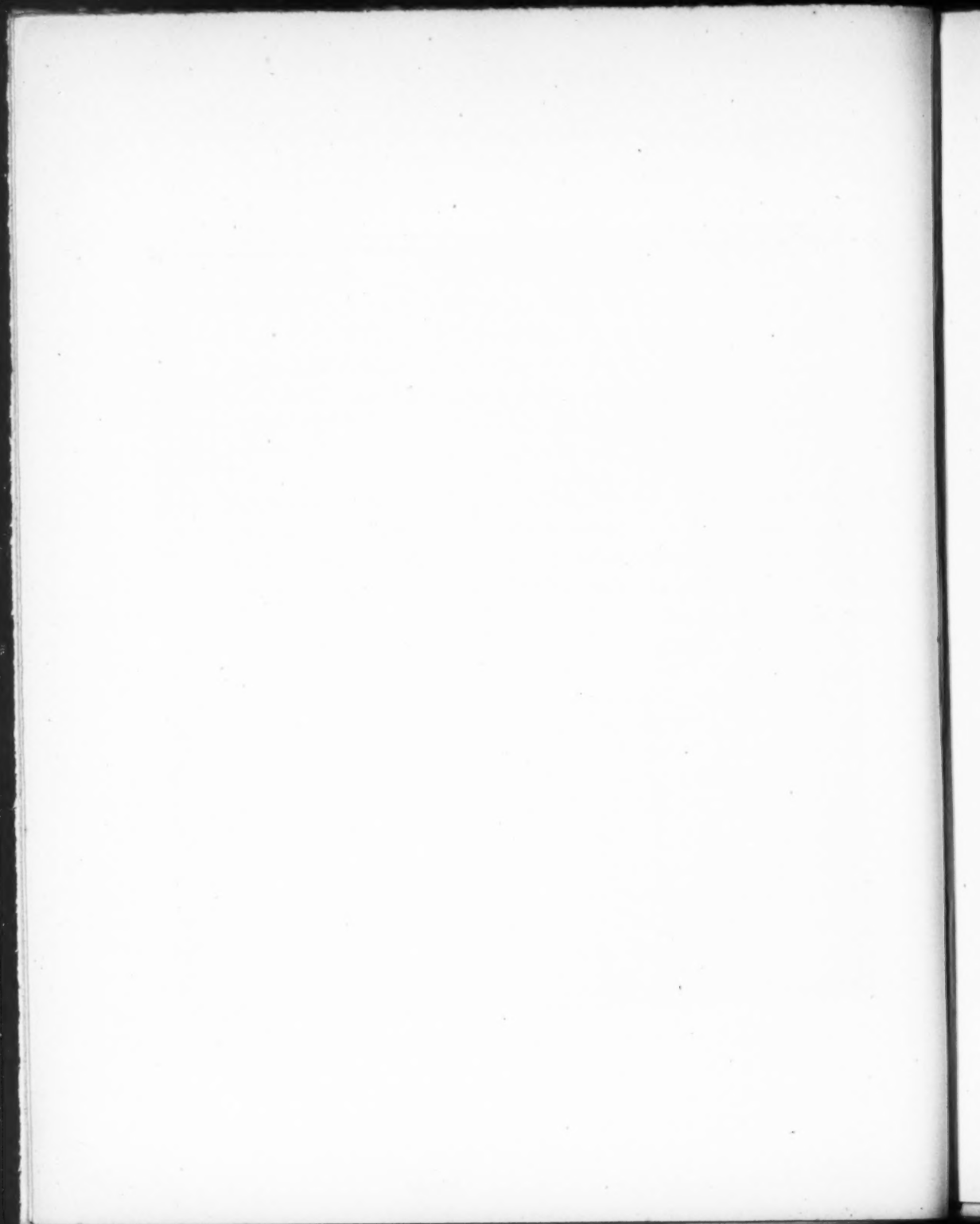
Liettik thought they were about to return to Corn-Cam. But, instead, the road gradually ascended. On either side it was flanked with strange trees, in full foliage, nay, in blossom even, despite the wintry night, the tall spires swaying rhythmically, with a far-reaching, melodious murmur. The sky was so strangely clear that it seemed to touch the earth, or rather, the earth, little by little, was lost in the tides of space. Liettik's eyes sought the familiar cottage, but she could not find it. Corn-Cam, the Yeun, the Menez-Mikel, all that familiar landscape was no more than floating spray on the sea of the lower world, till, in its turn, the spray grew fainter and vanished altogether. Then Liettik saw

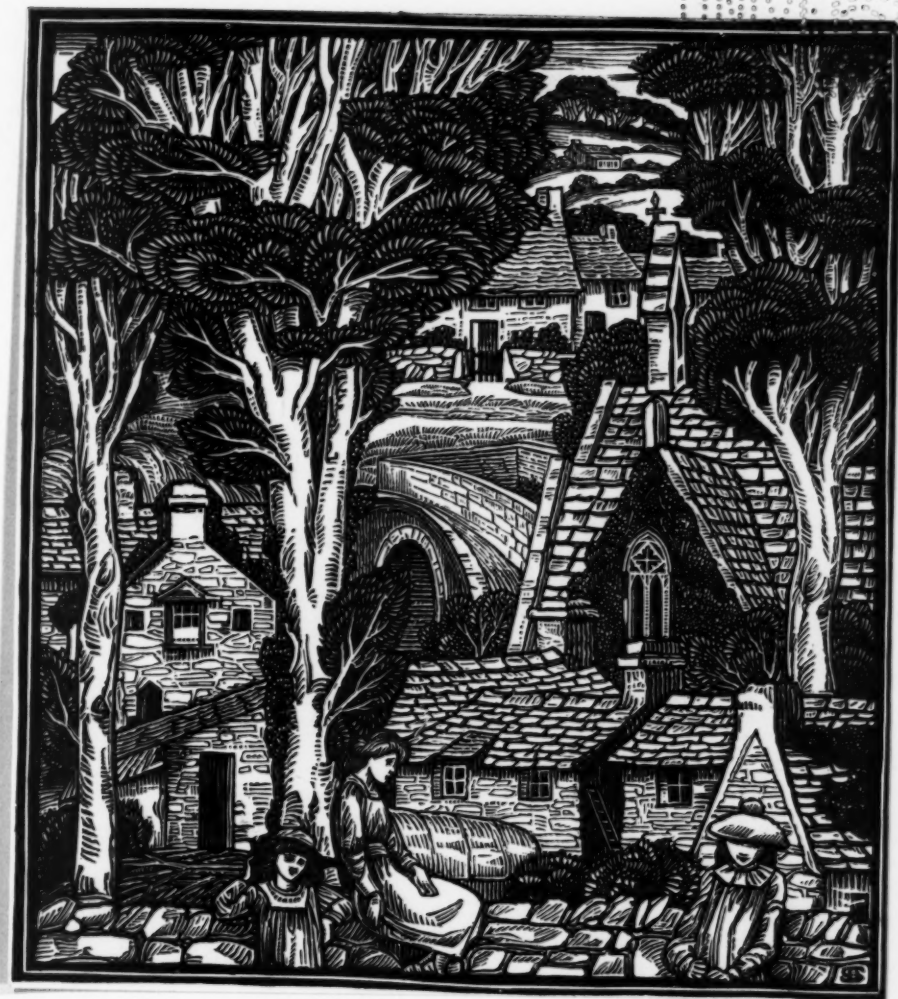
nothing but the sky, the magic pathway suspended in the air, and the choir of climbing pilgrims.

She was about to ask, "Whither are we going?" when from the blue depths came angels, waving palm branches, and singing softly :

"Who dies at midnight on Christmas Eve,
Flies swift to the heart of God."

THE first and second of the following Plates are "A WELSH VILLAGE" and "A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR 1899," from blocks designed and cut by BERNARD SLEIGH of Birmingham. The third is "THE TOP OF THE HILL" from a Pen-drawing by WILL G. MEIN.





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OCTAVIUS BENT

IN the back parlour of No. 35 Tennyson Road sat Octavius Bent and Clara his wife. The occasion was momentous: they had just returned from the parish concert, at which Octavius had sung two solos and had been "encored." The satisfaction of triumph still lingered on his features as he tilted himself back from the table and beat time with the bread-knife to an imaginary tune. He was big and awkward, ruddy and of sanguine hue, with a tendency to perspire and to redness in the neck.

Clara, a drab-coloured, still woman, in a rusty black silk dress, of an age as uncertain as her own, sat by the fire. Empty oyster-shells on the table, sign of an addition to the ordinary supper of bread and cheese and stout, completed the sense of festivity and unusualness of which both husband and wife were conscious by the feel of their "evening" clothes.

"I wish I'd given them 'To Anthea,'" said Octavius. "That's a fine song, that is; shows off the voice." He went into the darkness of the front shop, where three pianos formed the stock-in-trade over which Mrs. Bent presided on week-days, while her husband gave lessons in music (*sic*) and singing.

"How's that?" he asked genially, as he stood in the doorway after giving a sketch of "Anthea" as it might have been performed in public.

"You'll wake the children," said Clara.

"Not they! I want a bigger room, don't I? You can't get an effect in a small place like this. That schoolroom was better. But I believe I could fill the Albert 'All—I do, mother."

"Come along to bed; I'm tired."

"All right! But I say, you come with me some day to the Town 'All; and I'll show you. I've always wanted to sing there. They know me; they'd let me in."

Next day, on coming in from his morning rounds to a hurried dinner, Octavius found a letter announcing a legacy of £500 from a deceased aunt.

"Here's a go, mother!" said he, with his mouth full of suet dumpling. "How would you like to set up your carriage, Mrs. B.?"

"Carriage!" said Clara, with a faint blush at the audacious idea, though even to her more practical mind the sum seemed to open vast possibilities.

"We should have to invest it, of course," said Octavius.

"Tell you what, mother," he said again in the evening, after the children had gone to bed; "I've been thinking about that £500. It was the word 'invest' put it into my head. There's such a thing as spending, you know, which is much the same as investing."

Clara looked neutral; her sympathy was not often expressed in words, but her husband understood it for all that.

"You see, it's in this way," he went on: "I know I've got a voice!" he tapped his chest. "I know I've got a voice; but, you see, I've never had advantages."

It was not the first time he had imparted to Clara his belief that early lack of "advantages" alone had prevented his out-rivalling Santley—whose voice was no doubt of the same compass as his own.

"Now, if I took that money and spent it on education—musical education, you know—What do you think of that?"

"You mean for Octy? I was thinking we might put him to school now."

"No, I didn't mean for Octy! Well, you remember Rose—that young feller that used to sing in the choir! Well—he got himself trained abroad—at one of these foreign schools they have—Germany or Italy. Mind you—his voice was no better than mine. Mr. Panton said he never could trust him to sing the solos, the same as he could me; said he hadn't got the *confidence*. Well, I hear now he has a first-rate salary at some of these London theatres—£4 or £5 a week, they tell me."

Clara went on mending the child's garment she had taken up after supper. Octavius smoked for a while in silence. Presently he began again:

"I could get taken on as a singer somewhere, I believe, if I

was trained. There's not much fear about the audiences, after last night. Audiences are the same, when you once get a chance,—audiences are the same everywhere. But you see, you don't get the chance—not without you've been trained."

"There was a lady came in this afternoon wanted to know if you could give her children music lessons. She has three. She said she thought you would take them at a reduction as there were so many. So I said you had Wednesday afternoon at liberty."

Mrs. Bent gave this information colourlessly, with no effect of remonstrance. Octavius continued to unfold his thoughts.

"I shouldn't mind beginning at the beginning. (I know I've got a lot to learn.) If I only find the right method. That's what you want—*Method!* It's the *art* of singing we're deficient in, in England! Rose told me he learnt more in a month from those masters in Italy, than he'd done all the years he'd been in England."

"How much did you say he got?"

"Six pounds to eight pounds a week, I believe! You see, mother, there's a right way and a wrong way about most things, come to think of it; and it's the *right* way *I* want, I always did; but I never seemed to be able to get at it before."

"What does Mr. Panton say?"

"I haven't told him. I thought I'd see first how it struck *you*."

A thin smile crept over Mrs. Bent's face.

"You'd want a good while, wouldn't you?"

"A year, or two—perhaps three! It would depend how I got on. I could live cheap abroad, and there'd be plenty besides for you and the kids."

"I could see to the pianners and the music."

"Yes; it wouldn't do to give them up! I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Panton could get me something for the connection of pupils. He could take on the organ pupils himself, and I daresay one or two of the music pupils as well. I might be glad to do a bit of teaching again myself just at first when I got back, if the connection was kept up."

As the result of this conversation, Octavius, three months later, turned his back on England, and set out to study the "systems of vocal production" in Europe. He went first to

Leipzig, from whence he wrote to his wife short letters at regular intervals, of which one may serve as a specimen :—

LEIPZIG, Oct. 1892.

DEAR CLARA, — *I shall move next week to Frau Thomas in —strasse. I find I can live there $\frac{1}{2}$ mark a day cheaper than what I do here. I had a regular good lunch at a restaurant to-day—soup, meat, and fish for 1 mark. Think of that in good old London!*

Herr — expresses himself satisfied with the progress I make in my singing. You'd be surprised to hear my voice now. I haven't left off doing the exercises yet; I practise at them 2 to 3 hours a day. Then I study German—or walk in the woods. The pine-trees are good for the voice. I am becoming proficient in conversation, but the pronunciation is a difficulty when one gets to singing. I hope the children are good and that you are well.—
Your affectionate husband, O. BENT.

To which Clara would reply in such strains as :—

TENNYSON ROAD, Oct. 1892.

DEAR OCTAVIUS, — *I sold a piano this week. The profit was £5, but they made me promise to keep it in tune for a year. I've had to change our tuner. Williams was not satisfied with what I gave him, and he sauced me about it, and I told him he could go. Mr. Panton found me another man with a good 3 years' character. Octy has the whooping-cough. He is getting very tiresome with it, and it is almost too much for me. The other children are well, all except baby has a little rash. I should be glad if you were here to help me, but I am getting on pretty well.—Your loving wife,*

CLARA.

The following year found Octavius at Milan. He had discovered that the German systems were all wrong, and that his voice was being ruined. He had been advised to try Italy, and he wrote to Clara that he was content to “begin all over again from the beginning” for the sake of being “really right” this time. In the pension where he lodged was a young Australian girl, Miss Mills, who had also come to Europe to cultivate her

voice. The other pensionnaires were ciphers,—widows, spinsters, and an occasional English chaplain. Octavius was the only permanently available man, and Miss Mills, to whom a masculine appendage was a necessary part of life, quietly and almost unconsciously annexed him. Hitherto Octavius had stuck close to work, and had not sought acquaintances. He had avoided, too, of set purpose, much reference to his private affairs, and especially to his being a married man, thinking it would be to his "detrimment" as a professional if it was generally known that he was "beginning over again." Hence he was frequently assumed to be a bachelor, though he never denied the truth, nor had the skill nor wish to fabricate a story about himself. A natural frankness and egotism, together with a limited sense of social amenities, led him to refer to facts that were known to himself as though they were common property. Thus he would say, "I must write to mother to-day," and would have been surprised if his hearer had not understood that "mother" for him meant "wife."

A somewhat greater reticence had grown upon him since it became evident that the business of cultivating his voice was not quite so simple as it looked. Thus Miss Mills, with the rest of the pensionnaires, took it for granted that he was "unattached."

Presently Octavius became involved, he could not have told how, in many little offices of service and attendance. He sang duets with Miss Mills; she told him their voices were made for each other, and spurred afresh his flagging enthusiasm for the "right method." The girl was showy in dress and person, and dashing in speech. She often said things that made him "sit up," as he expressed it to himself, though he betrayed no surprise, thinking it creditable to seem to have more knowledge of evil than she. One day she proposed that they should make an expedition together to a certain famous gallery.

"It's one of the places I marked down to see," she explained: "they're sure to ask me about it when I get home."

Octavius readily consented: he had got into the habit of consenting to anything Miss Mills proposed. They did not look at the pictures much, but they wandered about and chatted; and Octavius was reminded, though he did not say so, of the old Saturday afternoons when he had courted Clara in the Crystal Palace. His experience of foreign towns had left him æsthetically

untouched. He still liked best to live on a "good tram-line," where he had a window looking out on a populous street. Of his own motion he had scarcely been inside a gallery, or visited a church, save to hear some effect of "voice-production."

"Well," said Miss Mills as they were returning, "we've had a dose of sight-seeing that will last me for a while."

"We've had a very pleasant day," said Octavius sentimentally, "and I'm sorry it's over."

After this, their intimacy increased apace, so that it became a topic in the pension, and an occasional subject of chaff to one of the two, in the absence of the other. As the weather grew warmer, Octavius proposed evening strolls, after the pension dinner, and then Miss Mills would invite him to her room to sing. At first they had practised together in the common dining-room, to the admiration of the pension, but "one's own piano is so much better," Miss Mills suggested.

The invitation to a lady's bedroom struck Octavius as somewhat "free," an epithet that he inwardly applied to many of Miss Mill's "goings-on." He had come abroad too late in life, and with too restricted an intention, readily to take up with foreign ways. However, he did not object to the freedom that offered him so many pleasant opportunities. He thought, and occasionally spoke, somewhat lightly of Miss Mills, but there was something in her presence that forbade him to take liberties.

On her side, the girl did not deny to herself that he was for the moment indispensable, and had even wondered whether his indispensability would stand the wear and tear of time and professional life. They liked the same kind of music, and were equally keen on the cultivation of the "voice" as the be-all and end-all of human duty.

Miss Mills was secretly convinced that her own organ was the more powerful and remarkable, but she had enough of real love of the art to feel a thrill as she mingled her notes with a voice that made as "good a blend," as Octavius said, "as China tea with Ceylon."

She had a habit of considering remote contingencies, dispassionately and yet warily, with a prescience of possible acute sufferings from an unrequited affection. She "led" Octavius "on," as the phrase goes, partly from desire, partly from policy, and in the

main from mere impulse. From exclusively professional, their talk became confidential, and on Octavius' part there were frequent lapses into the sentimental. By this time gossip had assigned them so definitely to each other that they sat together at meals, and their conversation and pursuits were wholly apart from the rest.

Then, with incredible carelessness, Octavius dropped a letter from Clara, signed, as usual, "your loving wife." It was picked up by a certain Miss Payne, a conscientious, not ill-disposed elderly woman. The circumstances of her find were such that she concluded the owner had no further use for it. She blushed too, to think of the impulse of curiosity that had led her to examine the letter; but she was still more shocked at what now seemed the levity of Mr. Bent's conduct, and genuinely grieved for the inexperienced young girl.

After two sleepless nights of reflection, she invited Miss Mills to a private interview, and disclosed the awful fact—not sparing herself in her true relation of the story. Miss Mills received it with outward calm, but intimated that she had no need of protection, and even left her informant in doubt as to whether she had been already acquainted with the truth. However—

"I know you meant to be kind," she admitted, with some show of cordiality, as the spinster drew her down for a reluctant kiss. That day Miss Mills did not refuse the evening stroll which Octavius had now for some time proposed as a matter of course, but she slipped her hand from the arm he now, as a matter of course, offered, and her replies to his sentimentalities were briefer and colder than usual. As soon as he became aware of her change of mood (and it needed something like a bayonet-hint to bring him to a perception of another person's feelings), he easily gave it a reason flattering to his own amour-propre. They were in a shady solitary place, a public garden of the city, and both paused, for different reasons, and leaned against a low wall looking out upon a lighted street.

"You've not got much to say to-night," said the man.

"I'm thinking," replied the girl.

"So'm I! I wonder if you're thinking the same as me!"

"I can't tell, I'm sure."

"Well, if you can't, I can't," said Octavius jocosely. There was another pause. Then he began again:

"Don't you want to know what I'm thinking?"

"Oh, I don't suppose it's so interesting as all that," said the girl, a little nervously.

"Well, I'm thinking what a pretty girl you are!"

"Oh my! *That's* not interesting!"

And Miss Mills turned her back, and felt she meant to walk away, but instead she stood rooted to the spot.

"And I'm thinking that I want to kiss you; and I'm going to, too," said Octavius.

His arm was round her waist; he had drawn her tight to his breast, and was lifting her little chin to meet his face as it bent over her. But she wrenched herself free, and, turning quickly round, gave his cheek a sharp slap with her ungloved hand. Then she darted away to a seat, and sat trembling with the pent-up emotions of the last hour.

Octavius followed, much puzzled, and sat down by her side.

"I say, what was that for, eh? You hit hard, you know."

"Go away," murmured the girl; "you're a bad man!"

"Oh, I say! I like that! Come, I'm a bad man, am I? Then what are you?"

He drew closer to her, but hardly now with amorous intent. Yet his face was near hers. His lips almost touched her. She did not speak.

"I'm a bad man, am I? I should like to know why?"

"You're married!"

"Well, I never said I wasn't."

This was undeniably true; and the truth of it a little changed the current of Miss Mills' thoughts. She looked at him considering.

"I say! you're a sly one, aren't you?" said Octavius, chuckling.

"What *do* you mean?" said the girl, in unfeigned astonishment.

"This is what *I* mean," said he, again attempting an embrace. But she pushed him aside, this time with dignity, and standing before him said:

"Mr. Bent, do you *dare* to tell me that I knew you were a married man?"

"You might have known," said he sulkily. "I never tried to hide it."

"Should I have let you—oh! it wasn't much—but should I have let you *say*"—

"My! I never thought you were *particular*!"

"Well, now you know I *am*!"

Miss Mills walked away, with emphasis. Octavius, still a little incredulous, followed.

"I say," said he, "this is all a plant, ain't it?"

"What?"

"Why, your—blooming stiffness?"

"Mr. Bent," repeated the girl, "do you mean to tell me you've never met a self-respecting girl before?"

Mr. Bent had it on his tongue to echo "self-respecting!" in a tone of irony, but he refrained.

"I see what you mean," she said, interpreting his silence. "You think a girl can't go on as I do, and yet have a pure mind. To show you you're mistaken, I'll tell you something I never meant to tell a soul! You know," she went on, "you know you've said things to me you wouldn't have cared for—your wife to overhear!"

Octavius winced; he was fond of his wife.

"Well! I'd no idea you *had* a wife; so there was no harm in *me* listening. I'd begun to wonder whether you were really fond of me; I'm not quite a chicken, I know what men are, and I was not going to give myself away before I was asked. But I'd begun to wonder whether I could ever be fond of you; and I'd begun to think I might be! *There!*"

If there had been a degree less of composure in her manner, Octavius could have taken advantage of it to press what might be called his suit. But he was more abashed than encouraged by her frankness, and in truth his conscience was beginning to remind him unpleasantly of many things.

He knew well enough he had been shilly-shallying, and her decision struck him in its contrast with his own weakness.

"Mind," she said, "I'd only *begun*. Thank God, it's not gone far with me; but if I'd been a different sort of girl, as I might have been, and yet behaved just as I have done, just you think! I might have gone on caring for you, and had a blighted life.

It's not *you* I'm thinking about. It's the girl who might have been here instead of me, and whose life would have been ruined for the sake of a man that, now I know what he is, I despise and scorn just as if he were so many black beetles!"

Her voice trembled and ended in half a sob, but Octavius was too much absorbed in his own part of the drama to notice it.

"There's not many girls," he began, trying to brazen it out, "would think so much of a little bit o' nonsense."

"Well, I suppose there was some sort of nonsense before you got married, and that was what it was meant to lead to. There's no sense in nonsense if it doesn't. That's what every decent girl I've ever known thinks."

"Well, I'm a decent man!"

"I used to think so, Mr. Bent, or you may be sure *I*'d have had nothing to do with you."

"Look here, I've been away from my wife more than a year now, and I've never"—

"Do you want to tell me you've always been a moral man? Look here, Mr. Bent, I'll tell you what *I* think "moral" means. I daresay you think a girl shouldn't talk about such things, and that's why you haven't understood me. *I* think its moral not to break any woman's heart if you can help it. If your wife loves you, and I daresay she does, though you don't deserve it, then it's not "moral" to have the least bit of a flirt with anybody else. Because you know if she got to hear about it, it would kill her. That's the way *I* look at it. If she doesn't love you, then you can please yourself, "moral" or not. And if you'd made sure that *I* didn't care, one way or another, then you might have played with me as you did, and welcome!"

Octavius' heart was touched, if not his understanding.

"Well, I beg your pardon," he murmured.

"It's granted," said Miss Mills, and she began to talk about other things as they returned to the pension. But the next day and the next, though she behaved as usual in public, she took care to show in many little ways that he alone understood that anything like their former intimacy was at an end. At the third succeeding déjeuner someone remarked:

"So Miss Mills has gone, without saying good-bye to anyone! At least she never told *me*, but I suppose *some* people knew"—

The eyes of the table turned towards Octavius. He was disposing of a particularly large mouthful of macaroni, and the hostess hastened to explain that Miss Mills had been summoned suddenly to a relative in Florence, and had left "polite messages for everyone."

Six months later, Octavius returned to England, having spent on his training the bulk of his aunt's legacy. By dint of much wire-pulling, he obtained an introduction to the famous conductor, Herr M——, whose verdict might procure him an entrée to the Classical Concert platforms, on which it was his ambition to appear. The great man heard him, listened patiently while he sang through three of his best pieces, all in different styles, then turned to the German friend who came as his sponsor, and uttering the fatal words "Er detonirt" (he sings out of tune), dismissed them both. It seemed, in fact, as though the training which had developed his voice had somehow spoilt his ear. Other efforts to find favour with influential persons were equally fruitless. But his style and taste were "a cut above the 'Halls,'" so that as a professional singer he fell between two stools. Now and then, however, he obtained semi-professional engagements at suburban parties, and he appeared as before on local platforms for Philanthropic or Mutual Improvement objects. He became known, too, in a limited suburban circle as a teacher of singing. He often said to Clara:

"If it was to do again, I'd do it. I don't regret anything about it. I've learnt a lot; and if I'd only been ten years younger, you'd have seen things would have turned out different. They won't accept a man anywhere when he's over thirty-five: that's where it is. I know that I can sing; and I've got taste and experience and feeling and everything; but I haven't got *youth*. So you mind that, Octy: begin when you're young!"

Or again in the evening he would say:

"It's a fine experience that, going abroad. It opens a man's eyes to many things." He never mentioned Miss Mills.

One day Clara related that during his absence a lady had called at the shop, "very finely dressed and most anxious to see you, but in a great hurry; couldn't wait; and so she only left these two, concert tickets for you and me; she wouldn't leave her name; she said you wouldn't know her, but you were to be sure to go to the concert."

The concert programme included the name of "Madame Mills, contralto."

Octavius, by study of the musical news, had already observed "Madame Mills" as coming into popular favour; he sometimes inquired about her casually from strangers, but never before his wife; and Clara, who was not inquisitive, now suggested mildly that the mysterious lady must have heard of Mr. Bent's fame as a singing master, and then dropped the subject.

"She asked me if I was *Mrs.* Bent," she explained, as though to corroborate this theory. But when "Madame Mills" appeared on the platform,

"Why, that's the lady that brought the tickets!" cried Clara, astonished.

"Nonsense!" said Octavius.

"It was!" said Clara. "I wonder how she came to hear of you."

"All artistes know about each other," exclaimed Octavius in a superior tone.

Clara looked at him fondly; she had sometimes had misgivings about his having spent all that money on the training which seemed to have done so little. For his income from teaching was even yet not quite equal to what it had been before his foreign tour, and she alone understood, though he never spoke of it, how bitter was the disappointment to his ambition. The notice of such a star as Madame Mills seemed to hall-mark him as an "artiste"; and that was something.

"Ought I to go and thank her, do you think?" said Octavius.

"I should think so," answered Clara, taking, as usual, her cue from him; she would never of her own initiative have suggested such boldness. So he went.

Madame Mills (the Madame was a title "*de guerre*") greeted him with frank camaraderie. He had prepared an elaborate compliment, but she nipped it in the bud. She said he ought to see her in opera. That was what she had always liked and done best.

"Well, and how are *you* getting on? When are you going on the opera stage?"

"I can't afford it," explained Octavius. This also he had prepared himself to say.

"Ah! you've got to think of your family," said Miss Mills. "You can't afford to wait?" She looked at him keenly.

"That's it!" said Octavius bravely. "It's the kids. I've taken to teach singing, and I believe it will pay better in the end."

"Yes, I daresay!" Someone else came up to claim the singer's attention, but Octavius still stood stupidly before her.

"Thank you for calling," he managed to stammer.

"I came to see *Mrs.* Bent," said Miss Mills. "I did like her so much. Well, good-bye, Mr. Bent. Those were jolly times we had, weren't they? and I'm having a jolly time now, I can tell you."

She shook hands and turned away, leaving Octavius with half his thoughts unuttered.

"She always did take the shine out of me," he said to himself; and he returned to Clara, silent and grave.

In an interval he remarked: "She reminded me that I'd met her abroad—before she came out, you know."

"Fancy you forgetting!" said Clara; for Madame Mills, in her magnificent dress and diamonds, seemed to her wonderfully striking and beautiful.

Fanny Johnson.

A SHEPHERD.

My sheep in slumber lie,
Secure within the fold:
Lo! Night, across the sky,
Has loosed his flocks of gold.

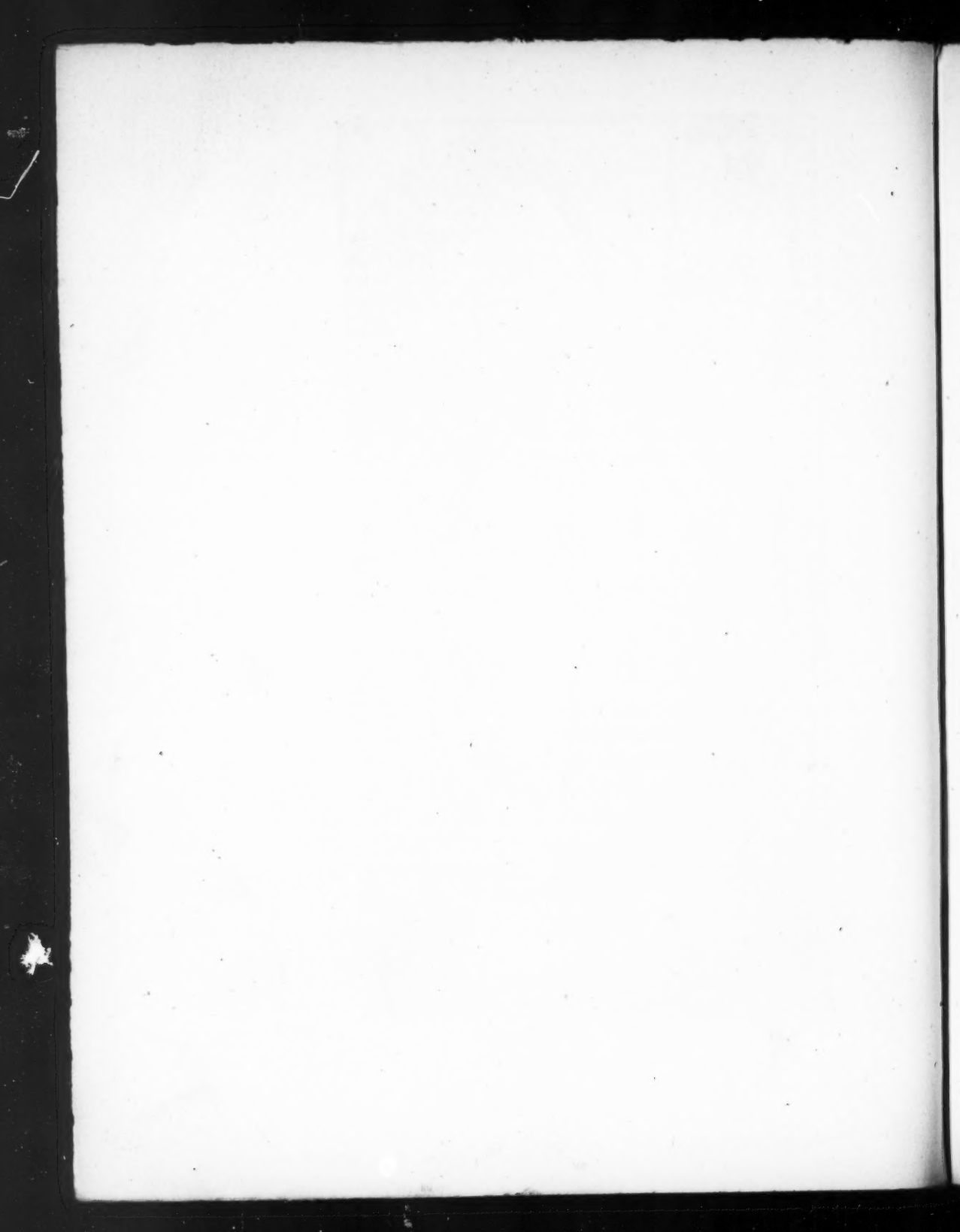
With dull, unheeding sleep,
(My heart with hunger spent,)
A dreary track I keep
All day across the bent:

By night through fields of air,
Freed from my load of years,
Breathless, with flying hair,
I herd the wandering spheres!

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THE NEW YEAR

A Drawing by PERCY BULCOCK





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A STUMBLING

THIS Sunday afternoon, somehow, things seemed to become interesting. It is curious, no doubt, that a young lady of twenty should spend a fortnight of what is practically her first visit to London without once feeling any call to record her impressions; but these are the first words I have written.

"King Lear and Othello are just as sad," he persisted, "Ibsen is no sadder—only better!"

I knew so well the heat that underlay the two last words, which were less an expression of belief than an invitation to contradiction—a challenge which was ignored.

"Ibsen is so much closer and realer," his mother replied, "so like what really happens."

"But I don't see why the knowledge that so-and-so murdered his wife, even in real life, should make one miserable—and anyhow it's absurd to go on looking at art in that human way."

I sat so still, so prim, in my arm-chair, sympathising with his mother, hating him for his abstract opposition, although I agreed. Then he lay back with his head against the window-sill, staring up at the sky outside.

"How blue it is! How does it come to be blue? Why not red, for instance?"

It was not even a serious piece of fancifulness, only just a remark that came from the outstretched figure.

"Oh, how awful that would be!"

"What a very unphilosophical mind you have, mother!"

She rose from the tea-table—I almost think there were tears in her eyes after all this irritation and opposition—and left the room. He did not turn his face, nor notice, and I could have screamed at him for his stupid cruelty; but I sat on primly, with

a ghoulish feeling, conscious of a certain satisfaction in remaining by him in spite of my disapproval, very still and compact by the side of the long body stretched carelessly at full length. How odd it must be to have separate legs and not to be shy of them. He was perfectly at his ease, with his right hand under his head.

Walter Hill had always been rather upheld in our family as a model son. His mother loved him better than anything else in the world, and he was really devoted to her. In the course of a general discussion at lunch yesterday, as to why and when people were unreasonably irritated, they had both agreed that he never approached sulkiness or rudeness when he was alone with her. So perhaps my presence was in some mysterious way accountable for his want of feeling on this occasion! But he did not talk to me at all when she had gone. After a meaningless remark or two, he left me to my book and went to his room.

Of course the conversation at lunch yesterday was rather interesting—to listen to, I mean—because the great friend was here. Apparently they have not missed a day of each other's company since they came down from Cambridge last summer. They talked of irritating people and the irritating things they said, quoting the latest remark of a Mrs. Somebody, whose "unerring sense of the obvious" offended Mr. Phillips. (I suppose it was his abhorrence of the obvious that had made him so perfunctory in the two questions he had yet felt bound to put when he first saw me—how long I had been in London, and in what part of the country was my home—so perfunctory as to call for no responsive effort.)

Thursday, 19th.—My hostess very kindly asked Cissy to come from Croydon and stay a night or two while I am here. She arrived the day before yesterday, and I am a little surprised and very much amused to see how quickly they have got on together. On the very evening of her arrival he remarked with laughing admiration upon her complete idleness. She had no desire to go anywhere or see anything; she was content to spend the evening on the sofa. In conversation with his mother and me, it came out that she never did anything in the house at home, and in recommending to her notice a certain position with the cushions, he said—

"This absolute lack of all ordinary moral prejudice is really admirable."

And with a laugh on both sides, familiarity sprang up. She has a tiny appetite, and at dinner he tried to tempt her to eat, joking, coaxing, lecturing. At breakfast this morning I sat on and watched them. We had already finished, and his mother was just leaving the room, when Cissy appeared and sat down prepared for nothing more than a cup of tea. He cleared away some things from before her and poured out her tea.

"But we are going to have a little piece of sole?"

She turned a sweet-tempered smile towards him, and he knelt down and took up the dish from the fender, carved a slice, put it on the warm plate, and set it before her. I was almost angry to see a girl of eighteen allow a man to serve her thus hand and foot; certainly he takes a pleasure in doing so, but I don't see that that makes it any better. The evening before, in discussing a duty call we had paid, she had confessed that conversation had not flowed freely between her neighbour and herself, and when he laughingly inquired how she opened the conversation, she replied—

"But I left that to her? I was quite willing to be talked to."

Evidently he had learned the lesson, for he thought of things to say to her. She could never possibly be animated, but she laughed her gentle laugh quite frequently. She speaks seldom, and with the peculiar lisping yet distinct slowness of a delicate person. I am not talkative either, if I were we should have got on better, but I never know what to say to him. She has no such difficulties. She is often content to remain silent, but when she speaks, she says anything that is in her head, without the least fear of anyone, almost like a child, but slowly, delicately, in a low voice. The naïveté is not in the least put on; but I wonder whether she is conscious how well it serves her—not that she could be different. I, also, if it comes to that, should be quite willing to be talked to; but, somehow, it—doesn't come to that. At first, since there were a good many things we admired in common (I remember noticing the look of surprise when he learned my admiration for *Eugénie Grandet*—the only novel by Balzac I have read), he would launch out on some subject that interested him; but then I suppose he felt his monologue approached the lecture,—not that I minded,—and so he gave it up. Once, too,

quite at the beginning of my stay, he asked me about the County Council in our part of the country, technical education and agricultural lectures, and was quite interested; but it was merely the masculine thirst for information—and a solitary occasion. With her, conversation does not flag. That she supplies little but smiles and monosyllables only adds to his interest; from the small material she contributes, he makes extravagant guesses at her likes and dislikes, reconstructs her life as Queen of England, as a great society lady, as the inhabitant of a desert isle. He does all the work; but he plays with what she supplies, or with what he finds in her. When, once in a way, she answers back, telling him slowly, and with little interruptions of low laughter, that onions are planted at the root of hydrangeas to give the flowers a blue colour, the tale makes quite an effect for its rarity and simplicity. I should not have the courage to bring such things off.

Well, when she has finished her fish, and leans back in her chair passive, he says—

“A little marmalade though,” clears her plate away, sets a clean one before her, helps her to marmalade, gets up to cut some bread, because, maybe, she prefers it to toast, and she really is coaxed and petted into eating quite a large meal. If I were jealous, or if I had not known her so well, I might have concluded that she acted her part on purpose. But she is so with her mother and sisters and with me, with anyone who will do things for her, and it's not exactly selfishness. This evening after dinner he put the right cushions at the right angle behind her back and ranged the others round her in case they might be wanted (“This one would come in useful for a tired elbow, for instance”)—I daresay in time he would come to taking off her boots when she returned from a walk, or even to carrying her upstairs. Although they have, to use the cant phrase, nothing in common, I have no doubt that if they were constantly together he would fall in love with her. I might spend centuries with him on one of his desert islands, and hardly come to speaking terms. “Things in common” are just nonsense. This moment I have left them downstairs, and her last statement was that she did not care for anything to read so much as an illustrated magazine—and this to him, who is so strict a purist. Where our possible, or latent, conversations on

Meredith languished and died, the praise of detective stories and photographic curiosities seemed to promise endless talk; he was even trying to acknowledge the considerable worth of magazines. "Yes," he was saying as I left the room, "after all, everybody does pick up the *Strand Magazine* if it comes in their way, and you don't remove the fact by shutting your eyes to it. . . ."

Friday, 20th.—I have been counting up the virtues I hold in common with her. I also have a very small appetite (it is a family failing), and, of course, he noticed it, but beyond suggesting marmalade, he makes no move. Apparently it never enters into his head to become personal and coax me into eating with a joke. I don't see why. Often when she is so quiet, I know she is suffering from a headache, another family failing which I share. But here I remark a difference, and wisdom is on her side. I am apt, at times, to make an apology for inaction or for extreme silence by confessing that I have a headache. I see this is a mistake, for the thought that I am suffering troubles him, he is sorry, and wonders what ought to be done for people who have headaches, and of course he cannot find out. So both lose by the confession. Still I doubt whether I could manage her way. Unless she is so bad that she has to go to bed, she never owns to a headache, therefore he is not ill at ease; at the same time quite unconsciously I know, and simply, she leads him to do just the things that a person with a headache can put up with, and so both make the best of it. Anyhow, there it is, at the end of three days they are quite friendly, and we are no closer than when I first came, nearly three weeks ago; further even, for at first there were possibilities and efforts on both sides. And even these three days have done her good, she is a shade brighter and is looking better, and he enjoys ministering.

Saturday, 21st.—At the beginning of my stay and before he had stopped for fear of lecturing, he had recommended me *Les Paysans*, and had told me something about it—it was the last work of Balzac's, a sort of earnest of Zola's machines, and so on. Some time after I had begun it I looked again at *Pride and Prejudice*, which he admires, and when he asked me how I liked it, I said—

"Oh, I can't read it at all after *Les Paysans*!"

I could have bitten my tongue off, it was so childish a cry, he must have thought me such a silly enthusiastic schoolgirl. But why did he not say so, why did he not openly say, "How silly that is"? That might have led to something, we might have gone on, but he only said "Well . . ." in a half-considering, half-questioning tone, and left me alone with my disgrace; nor did he say anything important to me during the rest of dinner. He is so fearful of being rude, or of hurting my feelings, or destroying my opinions. I notice this most in his attitude towards religion. Ever since we have known the Hills I have known they did not go to church; but because we are all recognisably religious, he talks almost as if he did, or at least not at all as if he decidedly did not. What does he think I am made of? Does he think that I have never thought about it, never doubted? Does he think my belief is so poor a thing that it could not stand an argument, and if he thinks my belief is false, surely he could not mind even if he did shake it? But he talks about the reputations of preachers, even about high and low churches in the neighbourhood, asks me how I liked the service at St. G.'s, and says a word about the appointment of a bishop, as if I were a child, or as if I had no serious existence at all—such an attitude is hardly calculated to inspire anyone with a flow of conversation. I feel that I should have a right to be offended, if I could; but it is as impossible as feeling offended with the Andes.

Sunday, 22nd.—This Sunday afternoon, after lunch, when his mother had left the room, we three stayed on. Or rather, I should say, those two. I was there, but as an aside. We had removed into the back room; I had settled with my book into a chair near the folding-doors, she was on the sofa smiling, and he sat on a leather cushion at her feet, his coffee on the floor beside him. He was finishing a cigarette, saying how unutterable it was to smoke when there were ladies in the room, unless they smoked—in these days of licence, smokers could not be too strict. In fact he was attacking himself bitterly in the abstract, while she every now and again made gentle little points in his defence, and they were smiling. Then he returned to a subject that had been touched on at lunch by the usual question of his mother on our return from church.

"So you did not particularly take to Mr. —?"

What was his sermon about? How did you like the service? And so on, the same kind of thing he might ask me—though he never has asked me so much. And then suddenly he was saying—

"Don't you think the service in the English Church is apt to be rather perfunctory—I mean—the hymn-singing, for instance?"

He did not like the Anglican hymns at all, compared to the old Protestant hymns, and anyhow the singing was neither one thing nor the other, the congregation joined in vaguely here and there, just enough to spoil the effect of the choir.

"But of course, in the matter of hymn-singing, I am biased. There is no hymn-singing ever again for the man who has been to a public school. You should have heard us doing the Old Hundredth or the tune of *Ein' Feste Burg*! And 'Abide with me' in Big School on Sunday evenings in the winter terms—well, there were six hundred throats, or so, shouting their loudest, so loud that the note disappeared and the room was solid with sound. We drowned the organ, so that when it emerged again at the end it sounded flat."

"That can't have been pretty?"

It hurt me when she said that; it was so quite the wrong thing to say.

"Ah! but it was more, it was splendid. We may not have been very reverent, though I daresay as reverent as ordinary hymn-singers; but we were doing the work of the moment extraordinarily well. There was nothing perfunctory about it. I wouldn't mind taking a Frenchman or a German to hear that; but I don't think I'd hasten to take him to St. G.'s, that's not a thing that is well done however you look at it, and I don't quite see how people can be expected to get much out of it."

And then, wonder of wonders, he looked across to me, and caught my eye. For I had not been reading, *Les Paysans* lay in my lap, my elbows were on my knees and my head was between my hands—not an elegant position, as I realised when I began speaking, but more effective perhaps at that moment than elegance.

"Doesn't it strike you so, a little, sometimes?"

I said that the chief thing I felt was the all being together, and the sameness, Sunday after Sunday. At least in the country. I did not know, in town perhaps something more powerful was

needed. But in the country, it is the church one has known from babyhood, all the same people whom you knew out of church too, the school children, the old women, everyone in their places, and the vicar you knew so well, and always the same, and all together and everyone doing a little part, the same part. The singing might be scrappy; but you knew it as well as your own garden. That's the difference that struck me when I went to a service in London.

"Yes, it must be very different. I understand . . . what you say is charming . . . but it isn't a very deep emotion?"

Churchgoing was not religion, it was not the whole of it. But it was good to go to this place week after week, whatever happened, and deep emotions might come there as well as elsewhere.

"But that whole attitude is rather what I can't quite understand. A Sister of the Sacred Heart, yes, or Tolstoi, men and women who stumble towards their ideal through a life of renunciation. Their failures are as dust in the balance, they do not count at all, because their wish agrees perfectly with the gospel, as far as their vision goes. Else it always seems to me something frightening—unless, I mean, you go all the way; and what I can't understand is the ordinarily religious man who could not possibly say, 'I do really wish to go wherever the gospel leads me,' and yet is religious, and cheerfully religious. He lives his own worldly life, not sacrificing everything, or even anything more than an ordinarily unselfish man will; how is it that he can be cheered meanwhile and comforted by his religion?"

"But that's making the existence of God depend upon your capacity for carrying out His commands. God is there whether you will or no; He would be there if you did not exist. Nothing that you can or can't do makes any difference. However worldly you are, yet you are in His presence, and any realisation of that is a comfort."

"But wouldn't it be rather a fear? Oughtn't it to crush you rather than lighten your heart?"

"He loves with a love that is limitless beyond comprehension; no one can imagine how He sees us, no one can imagine His point of view,—if one can use the term. Indeed, He has no 'point of view,' His judgment cannot be guessed."

"Then you mean that a man could 'spend his life in committing every conceivable sin, and yet sincerely turn to God with assurance?"

"Yes, almost."

"Then what does it come to? Where is the connection between morality and religion?"

I did not think religion depended from morality—certainly it did not. But yet no man who felt that God was there, whatever he did, could live a life entirely unaffected by the knowledge; it wouldn't be humanly possible. What did his little wrong-doings matter by the side of the eternal God, how should anything he could do or conceive, cover up or hide the Immeasurable and Everlasting? And a man who knew that, felt that, who could fall back on that, with perfect assurance, could he live his life through and never for a moment act or think anything that was affected by his knowledge?

There the talk stopped, for the servant came in to tell us that the expected brother had come for my cousin; so we moved into the drawing-room—she shuffling her feet in derisive imitation of me. After tea, the two went back to Croydon again, and he went out with them on his way to supper at the other end of London. I came to my room to write down this afternoon, and his mother and I spent the evening alone. That was in a way comforting, for I was greatly excited, now with a pride and rejoicing rising high up in me, now cast down and hating myself, and in this disquiet it was calming to have to sit still with her, and recognise, perforce, the ordinary, the average level of life, as we climbed far and far along the intricate ramifications of the family tree, cousins, their wives, their wives' sisters, their wives' sisters' children. It was an endless game, and I held a very mixed hand, turning up a solid old baronet at one moment, and at another, a dim scamp of a tram-conductor in Melbourne.

But now that I am alone in my room, there is time to think over the extraordinary afternoon, to set about understanding it. I feel that there is something frightening and disquieting at the bottom of it all, but I will put that off—I shall come upon it at the end whatever it is. But now let me try and understand.

Here is a man who was willing to talk to her of religion after the fourth day; but never to me, after weeks. And I thought he

was afraid of hurting my feelings! He was not so restrained from talking to her. How can I have been so silly? He did not care to. *Bien plus simple.* That's certain then: he wanted to talk to her of religion, not to me. Now that was not because she was better fitted for the business than I. She has never thought about it at all, and I have, a great deal. Nor could he have imagined she had more to say on the subject than I, because though he has never tried with me, neither has she shown any signs of superior intellect, and, as a matter of fact, I turned out to be fitter than she, and he seemed to expect that when he looked in my direction. My head begins to swim, I can't understand, I can't even keep to the point. He did not, let me see, he did not want to—no, I've said that before. Let us keep to facts now, and begin at the beginning.

He was sitting at her feet, he never sat at mine,—I am becoming light-headed and poetical,—therefore he wanted to sit at her feet and not at mine. That's an amazing leap of logic. Now we must start with that, it's no good trying to go back further and understand why. He liked being at her feet.

Being then at her feet, he was moved, sentimentally, to talk of the eternal verities. Feet first, therefore, eternal verities afterwards. Once started on the eternal verities, he is carried up into abstractions beyond her range, and it is at that point that I come in. Being at another's feet he can turn to me, as he never would have turned if we had been alone, and, metaphorically speaking, he held *her* hand and addressed *me*. Literally too, for though he was not holding her hand at that moment, he had been a few minutes before, seeing she often has cold hands, and he takes them in his to warm, first one and then the other, while he is talking, as his mother does. It therefore needs two. If I had not been there, he would probably have come down again with a sigh from the momentary abstractions, and have comforted himself with a fresh realisation of the pleasure of being at her feet. Really what ridiculous creatures men are, and how young! A woman, who cared to, might go her way through the world "man-lifting" all the time.

Now I ought to go to bed, but I do not see how I can, for now I am face to face with the frightening thing that I have been restlessly putting off, and I sit still at the table, afraid to make a move.

Mother, why are you not here to help me, now that I need you more than I ever have before? I could let you see what I have done, and hide my face in your lap, and leave myself to you, because you love me better than yourself. Are you thinking of me, perhaps, as I am thinking of you and of the child that night when she forgot? Do you remember I asked you then why it was that you seemed to be righter than other people? You said it was not because you knew more, but because you loved me more. I remember excitedly seconding Cousin May when she asked to be allowed to put me to bed, and I suppose it was the excitement of the novelty that made me forget; but when she checked me as I was scrambling into bed—"But, Ruby, what does one do before one gets into bed?"—I was so ashamed of having forgotten that I answered, "I don't know"; and then was more ashamed still, and knelt down in a hurry, and only spoke my prayer without thinking. I could not tell her anything, and I did not want to seem ungrateful and call for you, so I only asked her to tell you to be sure and not forget to come in to say good-night. I felt I could not say proper prayers till then. You found me still awake and sent me to sleep so comfortingly. You explained that Cousin May's question took me by surprise. You said it was like coming into a dark room, it was not good to be afraid, but if we had not expected anyone to be there, we could not help it. You said it was a little everybody's fault, yours among the rest, for if you had been there, I should not have forgotten, because we said our prayers together. You have always said you thought it unwise, if the thing mattered, to ask a child a question that could be wrongly answered. What would you find to say to your child now?

I am removed far away, and suddenly, within a few hours. Is He really always there, judging differently from us, so that it is a comfort to realise that we are in His presence, whatever we do, as I said so easily—I said—how dared I? I have been using my own poor guesses for worldly ends, for pride. And was I even sincere, do I think what I said, would I have thought so alone, and is it not taking His name in vain to ask, to think about it at all?

I have been pretending, using religion not for its own sake but to talk of, to gossip, to "sympathise." I remember with shame

the phrases I found to express myself, words came unnaturally with which to make an exhibition of things that should be most intimate—and so to show my superiority over someone else, another girl, my cousin—

I can own this, I can lay myself bare; but this is not the sacrifice He requires.

And I thought, at one time, that I possessed the great quality that fits a woman to become a sister of a strict order, submission. I thought I should always be able to hold myself up as an offering entire for Him to use as He would, and through that I could submit myself to any ordinance. I had fancied such submission becoming a passion with me. And now I sit here because how am I to kneel if I cannot offer myself up, and my doings; willing, if it seem good, to have this afternoon wiped out, made as if it had never happened? Shall I keep here all night, until sleep overcomes me as I sit, and my head drops on the table? Or will He withhold sleep from me who do not deserve it?

Hark—the sharp footfalls approaching up the street, sure, light-hearted, have stopped here. The gate swings to, and the warm human tread sounds on the steps, there is the homely click of the key in the latch, the entry into the cosy house. We are all indoors now, at home together, our household. He mounts the stairs quietly, passes my door, on his way up to his room, another human being, and strong, and untroubled, who shared my afternoon with me, and has no lower opinion of me, and would deny my trouble. While I still hear him moving above me I too will undress and go to bed.

Monday, 23rd.—One of my first realisations on waking was “She is not here.” How, then, should I fare? Should we drop back into our former positions on opposite sides of the high wall? Could the wall suddenly be standing again? On the other hand, was it ever really down? Would the lack of a hand to hold spell the old silence? I should not have asked the question quite with this flippancy, but that I wanted to laugh at myself; for I found I was wondering whether I could not perhaps try and do my hair better—I!—and then whether I should have the courage not to shuffle my feet. I need not have wanted to laugh at myself, for when I shut my bedroom door behind me I remembered that I

had forgotten to do my hair any differently, and thinking somewhat of this, I only realised that I was shuffling as usual into the room because he rose from the sofa near the window and shuffled, ever so slightly, to meet me. So the joke she launched against me told for me. And I had not in the least improved in other respects; I might at least have laughed and said, "It is too bad of you"—oh how I do wish I could say those pretty things that everybody else thinks of so naturally; but I am afraid I only blushed with my smile, and plumped down awkwardly on the sofa, and to save myself from putting my head between my hands, took hold of the newspaper. But he is very long-suffering. Instead of giving me up as hopeless, he went straight on to protest against the newspaper—

"Oh no! Not at all! I don't dream of it."

It was his first impertinence. It should have come three weeks ago. Now I might have said that to him, it would have been a good answer, a good opening; but of course it never entered my head. And he, to gain time, brought a chair up and remarked that it was wonderful to be down before mother.

"Really getting up early is very jolly. I don't know why one never does it. But I suppose you do."

The proper reply—"Why do you suppose so?"—would have been obvious to anyone else; still I could answer his question after a fashion, and I said that I did, at home, to practise.

"Oh do play now! You never would before"—that was quite true, though he had only tacked his prayers, so to speak, on to his mother's once or twice—"and the piano in the morning before breakfast is too wonderful."

I don't know what possessed me, perhaps I was so humbled that in despair I thought here was a command and I had better try and carry it out, if only as a penance for my shortcomings. However, as he opened the piano, I rose obediently and walked to it as if it were quite natural to perform to him. I got through the Andante to the Rondo Capriccioso. He cried out to me to go on, the beginning at anyrate. After a few bars I stopped, and ventured to say—

"You don't despise Mendelssohn then?"

With that question a conversation started and went on; and I recognised that he was looking at me as he leaned against the

window, looking at me as I sat turned towards him, with my elbow on the edge of the piano, and my head in my hand. He was taking me in with the piano and the white curtain. I had floated into the circle of his vision. He was making the best of me, doing what he could.

His mother's appearance was almost an interruption, and at breakfast he asked her whether she thought that London ought not to send me back with at least one mark—my hair should be parted in the middle instead of being brushed straight back.

And now, for it is nearly ten, I am going out with him. "Do you think," he had asked his mother, "it would amuse Miss Martin"—there was a certain stress on the Miss Martin because we ought naturally to speak of each other by our Christian names, though we avoid names altogether—"it would amuse Miss Martin to come down with me to-day and hear Gilder?" I jumped at the offer, and then, of course, "Oh I wish I'd known you would care, we might have . . ."

6 *p.m.*—I felt yesterday, and I daresay I began this morning with the feeling, that men were children, so easily led, or like the amenable little waters on the sand at low tide that will follow the furrow of any stick. But I see a little differently this evening. He took me to hear his chief plead in court, telling me something of him on our way down, and after hearing his three hours' speech for the defence I have a different opinion of men. Women stand by the wayside and stretch out their hands, and are very proud when they can get whom they will to their side, count it an important glory if they can draw one away from some other outstretched arms. But it is only a byplay to those who come. They come; but all the while there is this other thing that goes on, no matter what happens else. The Counsel for the defence was like a champion in some splendid battle, fighting his best, fighting with incredible skill and passionately with all his being, as if it were a game he loved. For the time there was nothing in the world but the necessity of getting the man acquitted; all his powers of persuasion, all his learning, all his knowledge of the case and of humanity were combined and screwed up to this one end. It was magnificent.

In between, we had lunch at the restaurant to which he always

goes. From a table in the corner, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Harding nodded and smiled at us. The third man with whom they were sitting was the journalist, the Mr. Maxwell, of whom I had heard. Walter lunches with them every day at that table. He was at school with Mr. Harding, at Trinity with him and Mr. Phillips; and Mr. Maxwell, who is a year or two older, had come from Balliol one Long. They had fooled together and worked together, had run a paper together. I found myself watching them with sharp interest, these three men with whom he should have made a fourth, as they sat over their lunch, discussing, talking without pause except for the breaks of laughter now and then. On their way out, they stopped to speak to him, Mr. Maxwell was introduced to me, they said a word about the case, and passed on with a "See you to-morrow!" See you to-morrow—

This was his life. It had been his life, so to speak, from the beginning, ever since he went to school; it would be so to-morrow, and the day after, and the day after; and whatever happened, it would remain his life. There would always be that, whether he actually grew to be so great an advocate as his chief or not, nothing could take it away. Other things might be important, but this was the one thing that was there at the beginning, and the one great thing to the end. I felt a very small factor in the world; my only claim to importance rested on the accident of being with him. I do not see how a man can have hopeless, unbearable troubles.

And how much men know. When I think of their range I am left behind in wonder. They follow the current questions of practical politics, and can talk about them and the creeds that accompany them—that I knew. They will argue about religion, they know what philosophers have speculated and can take sides; they have an idea of the direction in which science is moving, and the latest turn in scholarship is a thing that can be debated. They read much and in many languages. They have been to Florence to see the old pictures, and to Paris for the new, or they have learned from those of their number that have; so they have heard Wagner at Bayreuth, they are perpetually at concerts, they will fight eagerly for hours over the serious plays that are produced.

I do not wonder if they find me uninteresting to talk to.

Of course I know they cannot be deeply informed on all the subjects that appeal to them; but that has nothing to do with it. Because I know so little myself I am not exaggerating the amount of their knowledge, though I am right to admire it. If I am too ignorant to see where their knowledge of these many subjects is at fault, I have enough intelligence to remark when people care, are intelligently interested, alert—and they are alert about everything. I have an odd feeling as if men stood together, with a fine loyalty; so they listen to one another, learn from one another, they combine together to fill up the spaces in their lives that are left free by their work.

What struck me most of all was something he said to-day about architecture, because it had never entered my head that architecture could be a subject of living interest. The idea that the Law Courts were not grand, were, indeed, execrable, sounds paradoxical enough; but it was stranger still that the question whether they were ugly or beautiful should be a question at all. It was a shock to me to discover that churches like the two in the middle of the Strand were things that could be looked at—he spoke of Wren's St. Clements as I might of Shelley's *Epipsychidion*. It was so new to me that, stupidly no doubt, I could find nothing to say, neither in agreement nor in opposition, not even a question, so that he said very little, just making a remark in passing, as though I also must feel about architecture. I know if I had been asked to give a list of the great men in the reign of Charles II. I should certainly have put Wren in, and St. Paul's was wonderful from Westminster Bridge. But I did not know he was an artist, I did not know architecture was art. Nor do I know why I should find any pleasure in humiliating myself at such length by trying to lay bare the depths of my ignorance.

Sunday, 29th.—I wrote nothing during the three last days of my stay. The something that suddenly made me begin and kept me going, the something intriguing, as suddenly stopped. There was an end of it. Nor can I write down now how we passed those days, though I think them over and over again. I am quite willing to, but my pen will not move. I sit an hour dreaming them over, but the paper remains blank. I find it easier to write now "I wonder why this is" than to write a single line of what we

did. The thing that I was writing was over, I do not know why, or what it was, and I could not read over again what I have written; I do not know what I have written, but I know it is over, I stopped because it stopped.

The morning after he took me to the Courts, he said at breakfast—

“You weren’t by any chance coming out just yet for a morning walk?”—and I went down with him to the Temple. I wandered back by the Embankment, Westminster and the Parks. We were together in the evenings. And on Wednesday and Thursday I went down with him again, and would have fetched him also, if he had asked me. He came home early. It has cost me an effort to write that much, and a very glowing and detailed description it is. Not that I cannot recall every detail; but the pen won’t move, it will not accompany my journey. I could begin again now more easily, if there were anything to say. I came home on Friday, and all yesterday and to-day I have been going about among the people and things that love me and need me. I know they do. Still they did do without me. Of course, directly I am back they can’t do without me, and I am glad, it is good, that they should take possession of me again, they do need, they do love me. It is well. Yet I am afraid I have been rather sulky, to my own self, irritated, quite illogically and badly, that directly I come back they should claim me at once, father and mother, sisters and brother, friends with invitations and requests, the vicar and his church, all as if it were just the same and I had never gone away. It is bad that I cannot give myself back to their doings and their affection as gratefully as I ought. And still I cannot pray wholly, there is a dark, hard corner, a reservation, I have to shut my eyes rebelliously to something just in front of me, and pray distantly over it as if it were not there. That will not do, that will not do, it is an impossibility, a contradiction.

Monday, 30th.—I got up early, at six o’clock, “to practise,” and I have played the Mendelssohn—going to the end of the Rondo on this Monday morning. But then I fell to dreaming. Like gusts of wind, vivid moments caught me as I hung over the piano, and I was shaken by memories. What strange trouble, what uproar of spirit made those days feel so strained at times and mad

beneath the smooth surface of events that warranted no such disturbance, why was it so? That evening when Mr. Phillips came and stayed. . . . The question and the acute memory sent me to my room and my diary.

It was past eleven o'clock, and we two were left up alone. We heard his friend's whistle—I could not explain just what it meant to me, but we heard it together, the signal that he and his friend used for each other.

Mr. Phillips would not stay, he had only come to ask a question. I felt a fear of him and a shyness that accompanied the proud and disturbing knowledge that, although it would seem odd to him, I must make no move to retire to bed and leave them alone. The thought did not present itself, but it hung on the edge of possibilities, that—for the first time—he was not desired. Lest I should see that in his face, perhaps even appear to expect it, I could not look at Walter to get a confirmation of my remaining with them. Mr. Phillips stayed, provisionally at first, and because he was asked to, then gradually because he liked; and then it was strange and wonderful to find myself sitting in the deep leather settee between him and his friend, to find that I had, of my own accord, given them permission to smoke, that they had grown merry joining forces to entertain me. It was not usual for me to be staying up at that hour with two men, nothing I did those four days was usual; but that was not enough to explain the feeling under the laughter and excitement I would enjoy so thoroughly, whether I ought or not, the feeling that I was loose from my moorings, had lost my bearings, no longer possessed myself, adrift. And all the time I was remembering that I could not pray. Not at that moment, no nor at any moment, it seems to me, during those days, did I forget my estrangement.

When I went upstairs that night I could hardly keep myself upright from falling. I think he might have carried me if he had asked. But he never imagined how adrift I was during those days, nor the uproar. It was partly, no doubt, just the physical fatigue and excitement of the day; but also it felt as if I had freed myself from all my supports and had nothing to hold to; but rebelliously, for I would not go back, nor stay to consider. I would rather deny everybody and everything that made up my old life of assured peace, if it seemed to loom up and stand in the way

questioning. I wondered when I knelt whether just having knelt regularly might turn out, as I had read in some story, to have been of any avail.

Sometimes the restlessness would gather and settle like a bird on one point in my conduct that was unusual, knocking, beating on it with his wings threateningly, demanding, "Why do you wear your hair parted?"—until I was persuaded that I should be taking a step to former peace if I just brushed it back as I used. I could if I would. But I certainly would not. Vainly I tried to quiet myself by remembering that it was a small matter. The way I chose to wear my hair could surely offend no one in heaven or earth. I was unable to get any ease that way. There was only one way, only when I reminded myself "He approves it"—and on that I shut my eyes and held my breath, determined to sleep.

That trouble is strangely dulled by the shock of finding myself suddenly here again, and I have only this home-sickness for London that cannot be borne unless I may indulge myself looking back—I must have something. I know it would be better to let the recollections go. But even if I have the strength to wish, would they go? The country, and this that is, I repeat to myself (Oh, the hateful ingratitude!), my home, the growth of summer that I have so loved, will bit by bit claim much of me again, and the aching misery at my return will pass. I know it, if I do not believe it. The knowledge ought to be matter for gratitude. Yet I rebel, and when I think how summer, pressing round me wherever I look in this pitiless country, will duly march every day a step nearer to its flagrant fulness, home seems cruel to me. If it is miserable to be so pitiably miserable, there is something even more hopeless in the thought that the misery must pass to some extent, whether I will or no. How is it possible to have so little trust that we should be willing to see ourselves dragged on our knees, like some lifeless weight, slowly, over rough paths, back to His feet.

8 *p.m.*—I prayed again this morning as I have never prayed before, and for that blessing I must write to the end, for after this there will not be anything more to say.

I put away my diary, and went down once more to the school-

room, reminded that I meant to do all I could for my world, and father liked some Beethoven now and then. So I began to practise the Adagio of the D Major Sonata. But people would soon be coming down, and I escaped into the garden that had been so much to me. I made myself touch the tennis net over which I had enjoyed many games—yes, I had enjoyed them. And I remembered that the net had never before been put up in my absence. That used to be an important function. Then I went towards my bees, with a great expenditure of affectionate intentions. It was my dear mother who had cared for them while I was away, remembering me whenever she went to see them, for I was told by a laughing brother how she had never gone near the hives without loyally donning gloves and veil, lest her girl should return to find that she was not the only one her bees favoured with immunity. And the very idea of going bareheaded and gloveless among them was only an imitation of mother, for it was an old tale of her own girlhood that had fired my fancy. But the tears forced their way the more painfully that she should have turned out to be so deceived in the value of the thing she had piously done for me. I should have heard but listlessly the news that a hailstorm had swept the hives away altogether.

Should I go on to the farm? That would be the right thing to do; but I did not want to see people, so I turned aside to the little gate and into the soft, rolling meadow, full of rabbits. And walking down the path I wondered whether I might, perhaps, have a letter from London to-day. I realised that I had never seen a single word written by him, and I turned sick and longed for a moment with despair at my ignorance and with the longing that I might possess that knowledge—what manner of a hand the man wrote. I might have one letter, at the very beginning. I might be missed for a day or two. But there was so much there, life and work, to swallow up all thoughts, and engagements were beginning to fill up the evenings. The last evening but one, he had stayed away from an At Home. I passed through the further gate, and then, instead of continuing on the path that skirted the field to join the road on the right, I leant back against the gate with my arms over the top rail, and looked across the green corn.

My eyes told me that the sight was as beautiful as ever, and I wondered why it should not satisfy me. I could not rest with it.

It was as if the beauty passed through me, finding no hold, no screen on which to lodge. I wondered where it passed to, and whether in those few days in the city I had lost my country vision for ever. When this stretch of soft green was breast high, and stiffening golden in the hot days, should I still be standing here unreceptive? It was new to be questioning the future in that way.

And dreaming, I heard the tones of a man's voice that were his, and the level green, inspired by a light wind, started rippling, like the surface of shifting silk, in zigzags and wayward curls, that swept up to my feet, so swift and strong and light that its beauty filled me to faintness, so intimate that the puff which lifted the hair on my forehead was the spent breath of a spoken message.

I knew, too, the voice that replied; but before I had time to wonder by what miracle the man who a moment ago might, perhaps, have been bringing me a letter from him was now bringing him instead, they appeared in sight trudging abreast along the path on my right. He was swinging his cap in his hand, and his face was turned away from his companion towards the sea of green, only half attending, I am afraid, to Curtice's familiar story of the great snowstorm, and father's prowess.

The gentle assurance distilled of entire peace entered and marvellously simplified me; I took a step or two forward to meet them, and when I saw him go white at the sudden sight of me, I only made a note that he was to be taken care of, as I might if, behind the pleasure of seeing a brother home for the holidays, I remarked that he was looking thin; so it was when I noticed that his breath was coming short. He gave me his hand, as an onlooker might expect from an old friend of the family; only I kept my hold of it, even when Curtice offered me our letters. Quite calmly and without thinking, as if Walter were a possession of mine that could wait, but must not be let go of, I transferred his hand from my right to my left, reached out for the packet, graciously answered Curtice's expression of his pleasure in seeing me at the gate again, asked after his daughter, promised to go and see his mother, and smilingly watched his retreating back. Then, when I should have turned to attend to the business on my left, the calmness ran out of me, and I would have let go.

My assurance did not return till some minutes later, but with it came a full measure of the impertinence I had so lacked, and stepping back from him to my position against the gate, so that I reached his level, I looked at him as though his eyes did not matter and suggested that we were a long time finding it out. Three weeks and more? I was so "different." Then when did he begin to discover that I was the same? And I had enough detachment to think how charming the motion was with which he reached out his hands.

Walking back across the meadow he interrupted the tale of the miserable days without me, the bad Friday evening when he started a letter, the worse Saturday, the Sunday he only lived because there was a train at three o'clock, he halted suddenly with—

"That that you said just now, about my being a long time, it is not somehow a difference between us? It is not something you see differently, or that I don't see?"

I felt like a mother. Then as we continued our way I had to check his reading of that Sunday afternoon with the confession that I was not at all sure I had really thought anything of what I said, nor did I feel sincere afterwards—I had only been talking.

"But you were you, when you were talking, the same you that are standing here. And here is the grass beneath our feet and the sky over our heads, and here am I as large as life standing opposite you?"

So I was allowed to lean all my weight upon the strength of someone else, one whom I could trust with everything in me, for he was my better champion. But why would not he like me better if I were one of the "obvious" people? One thought seemed to cross out another, and in the end it was no more good than being obvious.

"I think it is more good, there is more to love."

He remembers everything. At his story of how I laid aside the newspaper obedient to his will, it was my turn to stand still—"I am as important as that?" I don't think he understood, for he went on—

"It would not have mattered with anyone else. When I thought of it, I felt I could spend a whole day telling you to do and not to do things, just for the pleasure of seeing you do them and not do them."

I left him at the door of the dining-room—I imagined them all asking one another what had become of me. Kitty told me how he walked in as though he were only rather late for breakfast, shook hands with everybody,—Connie and Peter did not know who he was, and I don't believe Nelly did either really,—presented his mother's love, and generally behaved in such a way as gave no excuse for wondering to what they owed the pleasure of his visit.

I ran upstairs, not knowing why I wanted to be alone until, with "What have I done?" I was on my knees, and held by the supplication that it might be granted me always to give myself to him with an entire service nothing could surpass.

I did not notice that anyone looked in at the door I had forgotten to shut; but when I came out, mother was waiting on the stairs.

No woman has had a love so perfect. Walter was already accepted among us, because we have all known of him since childhood, and the family friendship dates back half a century; and yet he is practically a stranger to them. No one but father has seen him since they stayed near us twelve years ago; and from that time, I discovered, only one memory of me remains to him—I sat on a window-ledge near the ground. We are not even able to make out which window it could have been. He has also related many other things that he remembers about me. I told him I would devote my life to the endeavour, but he must not expect my future conduct to come up to that past.

It is strange to think that I did not know he was so close to us last night. He must go back to-morrow afternoon; but that is nothing. I have had a whole day with him to myself, in my home, in my country. Every step we took gave us pause; it was as though the world conspired to offer little things with great meanings for us only.

Oswald Sickert.

THE MOKE

THE ass, like the pig, is a gravely comic animal, dedicate to Burlesque. One almost fears to touch such a hackneyed theme of witless mirth. What it first suggests to me is, I must confess, the coster, and, further, the inimitable and inevitable coster of Albert Chevalier. I see the moke down a glimmering vista of pearlies, donahs, and hats glorious with dyed ostrich feathers, of which the colours all swear at one another; I see it on Hampstead Heath, bearing a hilarious cockney to destruction—in a burning-yellow furze bush, or trotting down the Old Kent Road, linked by sorry harness to a barrow, upon which Bill, his mate, his donah, and the mate's donah, not forgetting the nipper, take up poses unpremeditated as the art of the skylark.

Bare of this gorgeous tapestry of illusion which tradition has woven upon the plain and unassuming character of the ass, the beast is not interesting, for he depends entirely upon "properties." Patient, obstinate, and sluggish, he does not invite verbal paroxysms. I really can't get up much enthusiasm for him. I like his long furry ears of an intimate shade of brown touched with ebony, and the imaginative black stripe that traces the course of his impressive backbone; I like his eyes, too; but the rest of him I find a trifle paltry; and his voice is a scandal. In spite of his reputation for comedy, to which he cannot live up, it is to be noted that the ass is a taciturn, even a sad, animal. Anyone who has watched a group of donkeys waiting for hire on the sands could hardly accuse the beasts of levity. Their collective mood reproduces faithfully the intolerable sadness of the sea, the quiet, almost mechanical, despair of *never*.

" . . . never, never again
Through all the rise and set and set and rise of pain,"

I whisper vaguely, as I watch them stand in the salt south wind with drooping muzzles and dejected, drifting tails, within earshot of the tide breaking in rhythmic melancholy on the unheeding shore. Their depression is deep as the sea-melancholy of Fiona Macleod. Theirs is the Celtic gloom without the Celtic glamour. They are semi-gregarious animals, these, and one feels that they derive some small, gloomy satisfaction from huddling together in an unhappy little group, rather than being each by himself. Which is to me incomprehensible. But why, indeed, should this dreary, woeful beast be the accepted type of Folly? The donkey has almost nothing of the fool, and a good deal of the philosopher. Where are the fool's priceless virtues of brilliancy and irresponsibility? Where the fool's gaiety and sensitiveness to his surroundings? Anything more stolid, obstinately responsible, and impervious to outward circumstances—for it is the sea that tones in with the donkey's mood, not the donkey with the sea's—than the moke 'twere hard to find. His obstinacy is the one point upon which you can get him; that is foolish, for it is illogical and unreasonable in the extreme. Even the suave argument of a thick stick fails to persuade the moke. Of a truth the beast is not admirable. And yet,—at Port Said I have seen white mokes magnificent as mules, trotting gallantly, with creatures of Oriental ambiguity sitting hunched up on their quarters at the very opposite extreme to that affected by Tod Sloan. Those are indeed brilliant beasts, whitely silhouetted on the moving colour and squalor of an Eastern Bazaar; they trot freely as horses, with a sense of their own importance. Truly, Egyptian donkeys need no bush.

Quaint little toys are the Indian donkeys, sacred to the dhobi. They look no bigger than collie dogs as they stagger, cow-hocked, under immense piles of linen, escorted from the river-bank to the bungalow by the unheeding native. They are also used as hacks, by needy men of moderate caste. The sight of a tall man, with a massive turban which gives him a good six inches extra, astride one of those diminutive donkeys trotting on a high, raised road—the complete centaur boldly silhouetted on the sky—is wildly arrestive. This picture is a grotesque that would repay an impressionist sketch.

When we come to consider the different breeds of the ass, we find that the beast is illogical in even the disposition of his own

varieties. He has planted his fine white stock in Egypt, at the junction of East and West—where the transition size should have been placed ; farther east, a tiny cutting ; and west, a moderate connecting link—our sober animal. Thus it will be understood that the moke cannot fail to be a poor artist, lacking, as he does, a sense of proportion and of the fitness of things. Indeed, he does not succeed in any branch of physical culture open to him, though he has a slight instinct for philosophy. As a driving beast he is slow and uncertain ; he has a tendency to brown-study in the middle of the road at any unexpected moment, and the knowledge that he is blocking the way does not disturb him in the least. As a hack he is *assommant* ; which, after all, is hardly the right word, for the peculiar roughness of his paces, broken up into a hundred little irregularities of action, makes you wonder why Nature has seen fit to build him that way. The violent churning motion of his canter—he rolls like an ironclad in a heavy sea, and pitches like a Channel steamer—causes you to fling off yourself—even on to a bed of stones. He is fit for the sole purpose of pulling the garden-roller, an employment which is almost beneath consideration.

But wherefore should we discuss the temporal, carnal donkey ? The real, which is the ideal, ass is a purely mythical thing, a bizarre invention like the phoenix. It exists only in tradition, and in the lovely, bloodless second life of Art. There may have been a comic ass in prehistoric ages—a vague legend handed down the centuries,—but no one could ever convict our familiar moke of mirth.

Israfel.

EIGHT PLATES

ILLUSTRATING A NOTE ON JAN MATEJKO.

1. WLADYSLAW THE WHITE.
2. ST. LOUIS.
3. SKARGA'S SERMON (The Jesuit Skarga preaching before Sigismund III.).
4. THE MADONNA AND CHILD.
5. THE BETROTHAL OF CASIMIR JAGIELLO AND ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.
6. PRINCE ALBERT OF PRUSSIA SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO SIGISMUND I.
7. SONG.
8. ST. KINGA.

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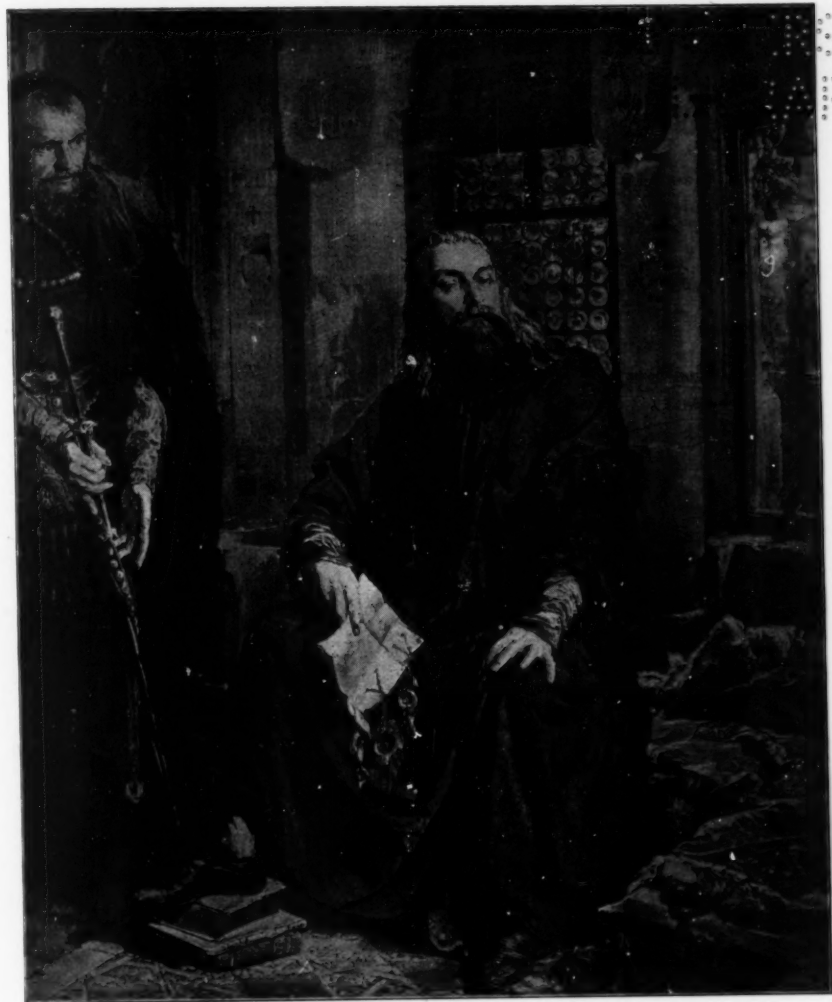
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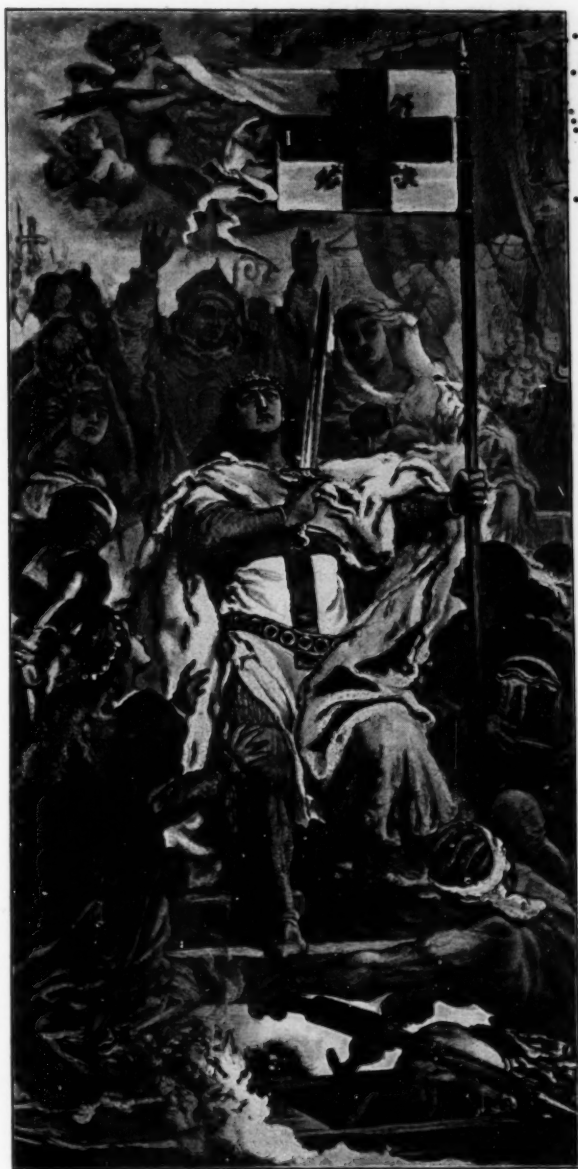
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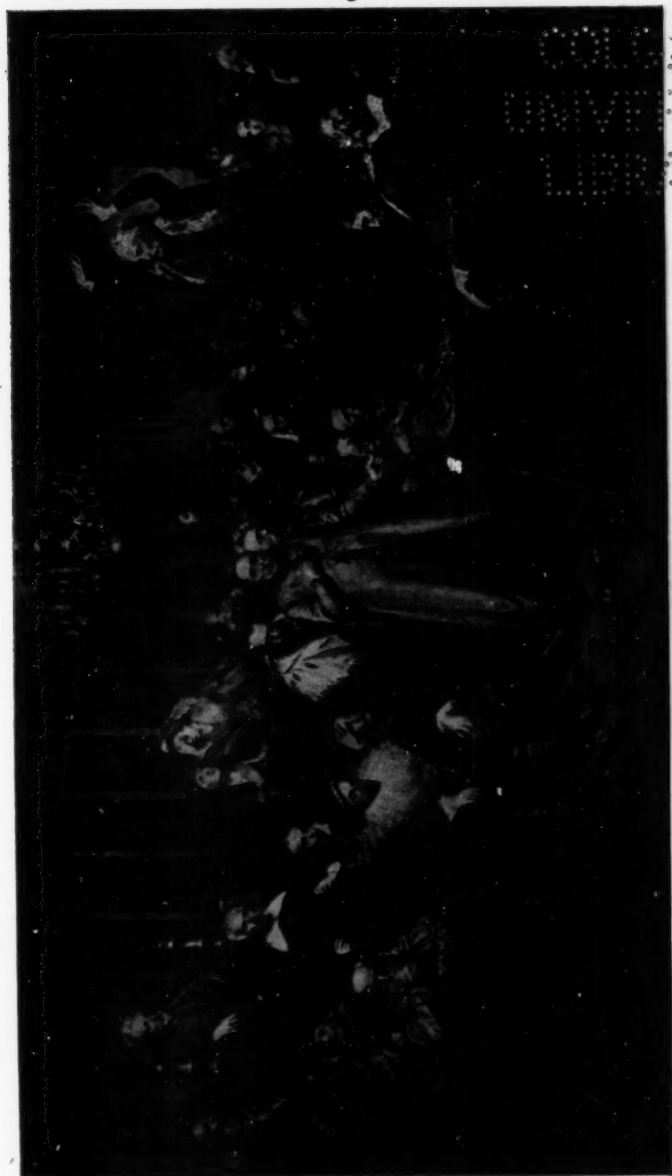
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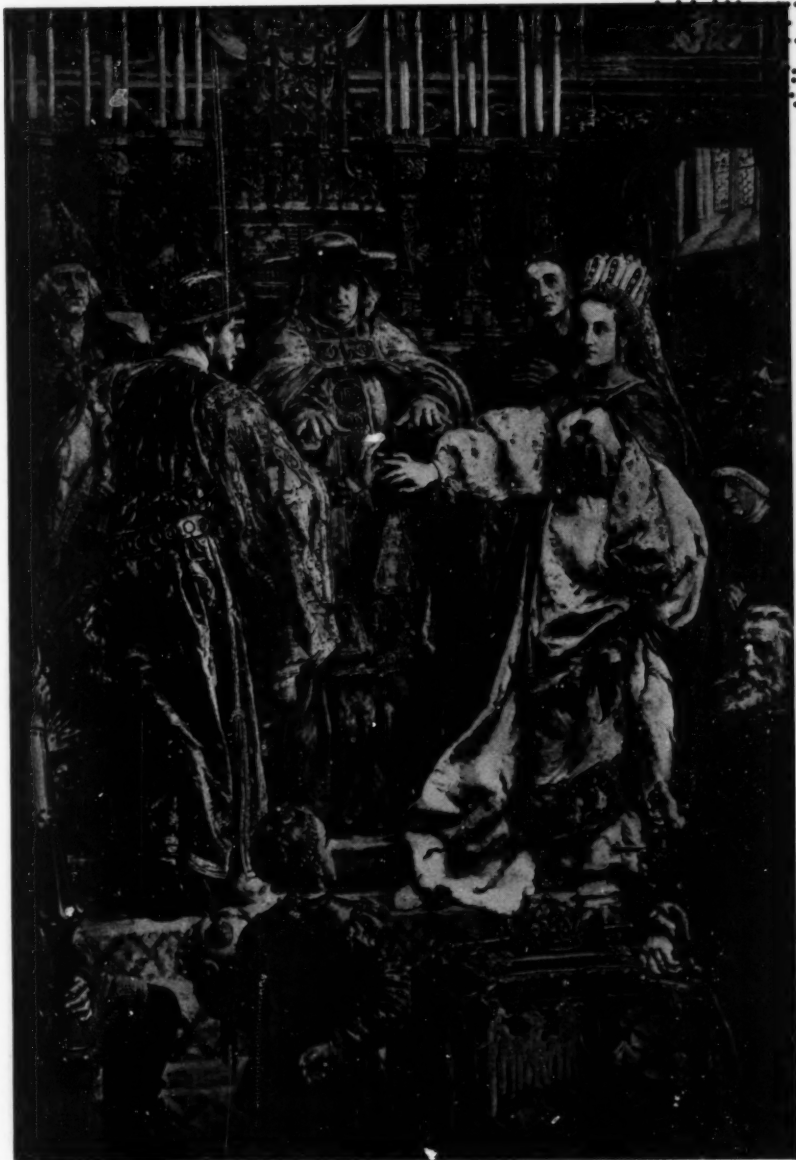
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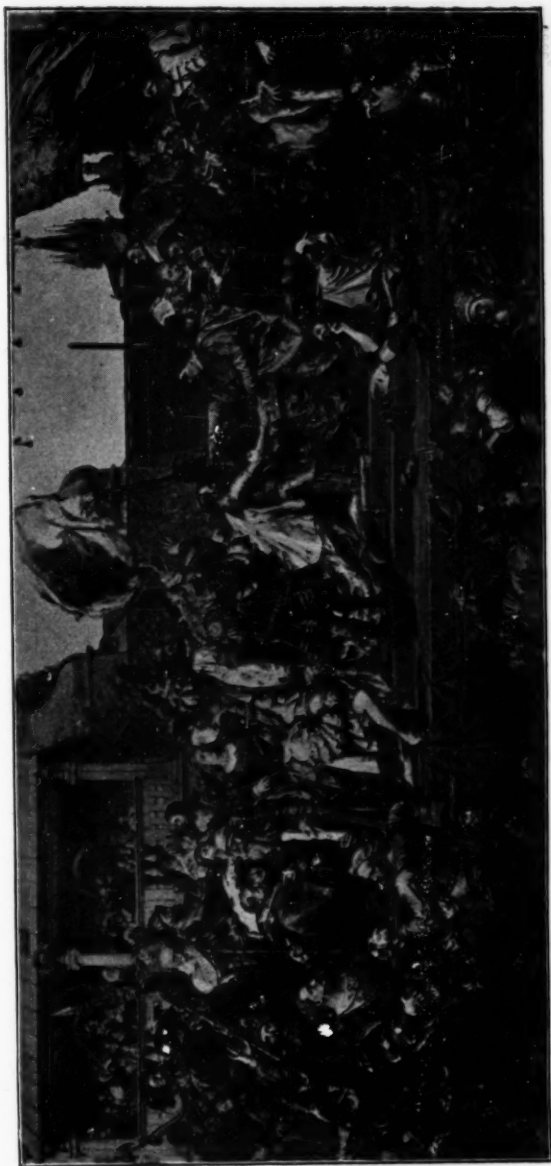
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Figure 1 shows a 5x5 grid of circles representing the initial state of the 15-puzzle. The circles are numbered 1 through 15, with circle 15 being the blank space. The arrangement is as follows: Row 1: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Row 2: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; Row 3: 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; Row 4: 16, 17, 18, 19, 20; Row 5: 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

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JAN MATEJKO

ALTHOUGH Taine's æsthetic theory is based upon the quite logical foundation of the dependence of artistic phenomena on the character of every other manifestation of life, it errs from its one-sidedness, and fails to take into consideration many very important factors of artistic activity. By his assertion that a great artist is great only in so far as he concentrates in himself the characteristics of his race and of his epoch, Taine reduces to zero the importance of individuality and talent. He is satisfied with the assertion that so soon as a nation has attained to a certain degree of material welfare, is settled, and has begun to think and feel in a certain direction, then, under the influence of these three factors, art must of necessity appear. That this assertion is false could easily be proved by pointing to the Renaissance, which began and developed amidst disturbances, wars, and fightings between states, cities, and provinces. It is sufficient to read the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, if we would learn what difficulties an artist had then to overcome; it is sufficient to recall Michelangelo's bitter pessimism, if we would measure the chasm which lay between him and contemporary life. The only link between the artist and that epoch and its people was an intense love for art.

It was in circumstances similar to those of the Renaissance that Matejko's great and individual talent arose and waxed. The influence of the nation amidst which it appeared was negative, and, contrary to Taine's theory, Matejko's value as an artist decreased in proportion as he tried to conform himself to the surrounding people. The Polish nation, which has been represented on all the battlefields and at all the barricades of the nineteenth century, the nation which digests all intellectual,

social, and economical revolutions, the nation which is so little uniform in feeling and thought, offered none of the conditions said to be required for the development of art. When we remember that, like all fighting nations, the Poles had not the slightest love for art, we perceive that there was a moral temperature unfavourable to artistic movement. But, notwithstanding all this, artistic life exists in Poland, strong and individual, and is represented by such painters as Maximilian Gerymski, and his brother Alexander, Joseph Chelmonski, Brandt, Siemiradzki, and especially by Matejko, whose name is the most famous and the most regarded of them all.

In his relation to the Polish public it was to Matejko's advantage that he painted kings, generals, famous persons, and battles, and that for his picture, *Skarga's Sermon*, he was awarded, in Paris, the medal of honour, which is the best argument to the Philistines, that the work is a thing that should be respected. Indeed, Matejko, who is really a painter of rare talent and striking individuality, is one of the best proofs that could be cited of the bad influence of environment. The rise of talent is independent of the nation, as is also the individuality of the artist, but his surroundings may and often do affect the development of the good or bad elements of his creative power. Almost every talent bears within it a murderous germ, by which, in time, it is destroyed,—the murderous germ of mannerism,—and there are only very few talents, perhaps none, that would not eventually die a natural death, if, like the Irishman, they lived long enough.

Great as was the talent with which he was originally endowed, Matejko had a certain amount of mannerism from the first; but he confined himself to the common levels of artistic conquests. So far as thought is concerned, he emerged from a very pessimistic criticism of the past; but so far as art is concerned, he immediately took his stand as an extraordinary painter of expression, perhaps without an equal in modern art. But the people amongst whom he dwelt, who saw in him only an historical painter, and cared little for his artistic qualities, in which they believed simply on the strength of the Parisian success—these people did all they could to make him change his mode of thought, and as soon as Matejko rejected his pessimism, they fell on their knees before him. They desired only that Matejko

should make pictures such as might exert an influence on politics, religion, and social questions, or explain history. They asked everything, except that his pictures should be well painted. The result has been that although Matejko has not lost all the good qualities of his art, although, perhaps, he has even developed some of them, yet, little by little, he has lost all those qualities which art had conquered in its development. Matejko has begun to think more and more as an historian, and to feel less and less as a painter.

It is necessary to appraise such an undecided personality as Matejko's very carefully, so as not to criticise according to personal likes and dislikes; it is necessary to take the broadest point of view. In the work of an artist there are two moments: the imitation of nature, and the discovery of the means by which nature can be represented and yet possess all the conditions of art. Almost the whole material of an artist lies beyond him, in nature—therefore, if it be desired to judge righteously and broadly, it is necessary, in the first place, to take nature as the measure, and at the same time, that which has already been accomplished in art, that in which conquered knowledge, science, and experience are resumed. Matejko has taken very little from those means which European art has accumulated. Strictly speaking, he possesses all the faults and shares all the errors of a certain period in the development of art which already belongs to the dead past. His great merits are individual, personal; they began with him, and with him they end. Matejko has not introduced anything into art that can claim the right of further development. His colouring, his composition, his lights and shades are for him alone, for they are several centuries behind the modern advance of art, as is also the case with the so highly praised Pre-Raphaelites in England. The whole of Matejko's art can be summed up in several tens of figures, heads, and facial expressions, which are such real masterpieces as always to be entirely different from the other details of his pictures; but the means by which he has obtained them are already exhausted. As a painter, he can only find artists similar to himself in the old German, and in Pre-Renaissance art generally, although his pictures sometimes exhibit a spirit of whimsical Renaissance.

His individual tendency is such that already, in the second

generation, it produces impotent mannerists. Every human figure, every face can be reproduced in the art of painting, either on account of its type or concentration of certain common characteristics of many other faces, or on account of individual character, and momentary psychological state or expression. Matejko's whole creative power revolves round the latter task, a task which he has many times accomplished like a real master, thanks to his extraordinary intuition, testifying as it does to a great variety of psychological states. For Matejko's expressions are only in a small degree the result of observation of life—for the most part they are the expressions of his own soul, just as the character of his figures of a Polish type in his backgrounds is only the reflection of his own character. Such subjectivity has, as its natural consequence, narrowness; for even a many-sided individuality is speedily exhausted, if it be not renewed by impressions of the exterior world. Like all great mannerists, such as were even Michelangelo and Rubens, Matejko has his own type. Such artists are extremely impressionable. They feel deeply, they are thoughtful, engrossed, sad and old from their childhood. Their faces are marked by traces of a conflict within that tears all their nerves and fibres. Whenever Matejko wishes to be merry and to laugh in his pictures, he makes an artificial grimace, and is ridiculous, like Rubens when he suspends gigantic tears beneath the sensual and coquettish eyes of fat Magdalenes and martyrs.

The classification of painters as idealists and realists, as those who "rise in mind," and those who "roll themselves in the mud, in the presence of nature"; the subdivision of pictures into "deep works of creative thought," and "pictures representing *genre* scenes of everyday life," was made on the ground of the importance that the things and incidents represented in the pictures had for the judges. The idealists are often supposed to be those who paint angels, Madonnas, graveyards beneath the shadow of cypress trees, sad or heroic scenes, orphans, good deeds, good people, beautiful women wrapped in draperies, historical pictures in which the figures are clad in armour, and drink wine from goblets and play on flageolets. The realists, on the other hand, are the painters who depict rain, muddy roads, healthy and happy people, beggars, elegant modern women,

the interiors of modern houses, country girls, drunkards, modern life without "historical importance," frock-coats, patent leather boots, bare feet, and walking-sticks. An idealist is an artist who paints Juliet stabbing herself with a dagger for love, and a realist is one who represents Nelly poisoning herself for the same reason. A nude fairy coquetting with a knight "clad in mail," is an ideal theme that does not shock anyone, but a nude girl coquetting with a hunter, is something monstrously realistic. The result of such appreciations of works of art, based on the moral and intellectual ideas associated with their themes, is the falsest possible classification of artists. The reason for distinctions between the various tendencies rests, through the ignorance of the critics, sometimes even on the dimensions of a canvas, the kind of colour, water or oils—in a word, on everything save the character of the work of art itself as seen in the artist's way of using colours, light, and shape.

The most curious result of such criticism is seen when it is applied to the theatre. Here the actress is a real being, for she is a living woman whom one can behold walking in the streets; yet her body, her voice, her movements, her eyes, her grace and natural beauty are not considered as a realistic manifestation, but as an idealistic direction, as though she were not a real woman, but the conception of brain, the result of the ideal aspirations of the playwright's drama in which she plays.

At the bottom of such criticism is scepticism, pushed to its extremity in the appreciation of people, a scepticism that cannot be broken, even by such a concrete thing as a living man, and which prevents the belief that true, real, beautiful, and good things exist in the world.

Evidently, when in the midst of such moral temperature, there appears an artist like Matejko, who began by painting sad historical themes, he is immediately placed in the ideal class, he is respected for his ideality, a suffocating atmosphere of the history of the spirit is produced around him, he is made to drink of the hasheesh of "purpose," the sticks of history are thrust into the wheels of his talent, until at length he is thrown from the magnificent road—the road of truth—along which he had begun to advance. Yet Matejko's was in truth a thoroughly realistic talent; for, notwithstanding the greatness or universality of the

final result, his tendency was the tendency of every painter who is baptized with the name of realist. His talent as a painter, equally with his mind in general, was towards very precise investigation after truth in history, and the reproduction of earlier life by means of careful and laborious archæological inquiry, and by the study of the remnants of an older art and older forms of existence. And if an artist strives to reproduce accurately costume and natural or architectural backgrounds; if he strives to paint a portrait-like idealisation of faces; if he expresses with great force different sentiments and psychological states, and produces in the faces a perfect illusion of life; if he does not give to his figures pretty conventional poses, but permits them to be shaken by the storms of feeling, without any consideration for beautiful lines, then he is a master reproducing life, and giving a deep impression of truth.

Current notions concerning the means by which painters or writers with realistic tendencies paint their pictures or write their books—those laborious studies and piles of *documents humains*, those multitudes of minute observations, experiences, and investigations—have led to a belief that it is only in this way that truth in art can be realised. Such a conviction, however, is narrow, and absolutely false, for every talent obtains results differently. Where one requires mountains of documents, another comes to a conclusion by a single fact, and his conclusion is equally good. There are pictures painted from memory which give a better illusion of truth than pictures painted after laborious and earnest study; for the decisive factor here is not a certain amount of labour expended in painting models, so much as the amount and quality of talent. Matejko has made very careful studies, of which no naturalist would need to be ashamed, and this he has done in order to obtain the greatest possible accuracy. Costumes made for him according to historical documents, armour, furniture, weapons, and jewels, all these he has called to the aid of his pictures. But over and above the taking of pains, he has manifested an extraordinary feeling for the expression of human emotion, such as no model could have enabled him to represent. With Matejko everything lives. Old costumes, the materials of which they are made, the form they give to the figure, all these he has reproduced without any co-operation of academic

classicism. In his pictures, brocades, velvets, satins, furs, lace, armour, skins, dresses, gauntlets, boots, tents, and even buttons—all are represented with every characteristic of shape, and attract by their originality, while they tremble with the life of the persons who wear them. His *Rejtan*, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, in the Belvidere; *Jean Sobieski*, in the Vatican; *The Prussian Prince swearing Allegiance to the Polish King*; and *The Battle of Grunwald*, may be quoted as instances. In all of them it is necessary that there should be this great force of expression, this intense life, which all the faces painted by him possess; otherwise they would be killed by the perfection of furniture and costume, and all the rich and brilliant surroundings, in comparison with which a human face is but a very poor motive of form and colour.

If from among the great number of pictures painted by Matejko, we select the one in which he is most himself, and in which his mind and talent are in perfect harmony, the picture that represents nature taken most universally—his *Skarga's Sermon*—we can persuade ourselves that Matejko understands history quite differently from other persons, and that he differs entirely from all those historical painters who paint history in the same way that it is written by historians, looking at the past through the parchments of treaties, from battlefields, or from the steps of thrones. *Skarga's Sermon* is not an official theme; it is a theme based on psychical motives, on the expressions of the faces, on that which the art of painting is capable of reproducing from life, and it is conceived and composed realistically. This picture is life, regarded so exactly from that side which the art of painting can reproduce in the clearest manner, that should it survive the nation for whom it was painted, as is so frequently the case with works of art, it will ever remain a perfect picture of the people under the influence of the powerful words of the preacher. Even he who has never heard Skarga's name, and knows nothing of Polish history, will not feel puzzled while looking at this picture, for its human interest is universal and inextinguishable.

The modern art of painting has made such progress in getting rid of all artificiality, that this may seem too high praise for Matejko, who employs many means belonging to the art of the Middle Ages, and frequently seems to speak to people of the

fifteenth century. But if we reject that which constitutes the difference between him and the newest tendencies, we come to the conclusion that he has represented certain sides of nature, life, and human souls with such strength and truth, that he need fear no comparison. Meissonier possesses exceptional talent as a draughtsman, but the colouring of his pictures is very bad; his pictures do not claim to explain history, or to represent anything more than a man can reproduce from nature by means of form. If, instead of praising him for the perfection of his form, and his truth in composition, the French critics had called Meissonier the greatest of colourists, the most fantastic of romanticists, and the prophet of his people, then anyone who undertook to bring out from that thick chaos of characteristics and qualities the truth about Meissonier's talent would be obliged to dwell upon every one of those qualities, and prove that Meissonier's pictures are lacking in them, pointing out at the same time in what his greatness really lay. In such a case neither Meissonier nor French art would lose anything; his pictures would remain wonderful examples of perfection of form, and his name would stand for ever beside those of the greatest artists. The same is the case with Matejko. If we recognise the uselessness of studying him in connection with the development of the mere processes of painting; if we perceive that he is not a modern but only a contemporary; if, in short, we rid our minds of Taine's error, and admit that an artist may be out of touch with the spirit of the age, and employ an older technique without necessarily being second-hand or second-rate; we shall not hesitate to assign Matejko a high place. He has reproduced certain phases of nature with unsurpassed strength and truth, and on his own ground has created veritable masterpieces. As Michelangelo was admired, not for his masterly colouring, for he had none, nor for "deep historical content," for he did not try to express any, but was highly revered by his countrymen for the perfection of his shapes, and for the power that enabled him to transform a block of marble into powerful human bodies, quivering with life, so also Matejko should be admired for his efforts to subdue and to express truth and life in the art of painting; for such, with all the diversity of means, has been the aim of every great artist.

S. C. de Soissons.

A NIGHT OF CLOUDS

(For Music)

THERE's only one star up above
In the overcast sky,
But I breathe to you measureless love
In a sigh.

There's only one golden drop
In the ebony bowl,
But brimming with love to the top
Is my soul.

Frank Freeman.

A NIGHT OF STARS

(For Music)

ALL that the bright blue flow'r is
To the bright blue butterfly;
All that the sounding show'r is
To thirsty streams near dry;
All that the steadfast shore is
To the homing, hungry sea:
Oh, that! all that, and more, is
A night like this to me.

Those plains abloom with starlight,
The Milk-stream flowing through;
Yon beacon-planet's far light,
Across great gulfs of blue;
What to my soul all this is,
Oh! that to you they were—
My hungry, thirsty kisses,
Which you so calmly bear.

Frank Freeman.

COUNT TOLSTOY AND HIS NEW NOVEL

COUNT TOLSTOY's faculty of self-contradiction in small things is exemplified by the fact (at anyrate before his recent illness it was reported as a fact) that he rides a bicycle. That this iconoclast who would overturn our modern civilisation should thus take advantage of one of its latest resources is characteristic. The ideal moujik of Count Tolstoy's creation,—that type which is to take the place of all existing types of persons,—the sort of primitive earth-man he has conceived and on whom he has grafted the universal moral and religious consciousness, is, of course, altogether out of keeping with this unpatriarchal contrivance. That a few years back Tolstoy should announce he would no longer receive payment for his literary work, but that he threw it on the open market, and that he is now selling, in part at least, the publishing rights of his new novel, is another erratic instance. It is true that the proceeds of the sale of *Resurrection* are to go to the relief of the distressed Doukhobors, and that the work is of high moral inculcation, but, as pleas, these could only be set up on the casuistry of ends justifying means. That, in the face of having more than once formally renounced fiction, Count Tolstoy yet goes on writing it, might perhaps be expected.

These, however, are, of course, trifling inconsistencies. The great and pertinent contradiction in Tolstoy has been of the artist in him and the doctrinaire, the contradiction of an extraordinary duality of temperament, a duality which in the case of Tolstoy is the expression of two extremes. If of late years the doctrinaire has almost overcome the artist, the blended results of the struggle have never been shown at greater length nor more curiously than in Tolstoy's latest novel. Partly because the doctrinaire has so often marred the artist, partly, no doubt, because Tolstoy has

written so much that is exegetical, sociological, and what not, Tolstoy in literature is generally placed as an artist after Turgenieff. But—to say it by the way—Tolstoy's work in the region of what is absurdly called fiction falls into two pretty clear divisions. In *The Cossacks*, *Family Happiness*, *Anna Karenina*, in such short stories as *Albert* and others, the doctrinaire has no part. Of these, *Family Happiness*, that apparently simple accomplishment of the impossible, is typical in its incomparable impersonal realism, its perfect intuition of a woman's soul, her "sub-consciousness." It is true that the artist in Tolstoy has compelled the sectary to write perfect parables, as in *The Two Men*, *Where Love Is*, perfect in form as in elucidation of moral ideas. But in *Master and Man*, an extended parable,—to take this instance of his later work,—Tolstoy fails to make convincing even its theme of the essential joy of self-sacrifice; it does not come, as it were, as an idea which has been ascertained by the artist, ascertained dispassionately; it comes as the manifesto of a belief which the sectary has passionately adopted. *The Kreutzer Sonata*,—to take another late instance,—despite its intense artistic hold and realisation of the figure of Podznischeff, is, with its cardinal doctrine of sexual nihilism, only another manifesto, the diatribe of the sectary. A pre-eminent quality of Tolstoy as an artist has been the equable balance in which he has held all ideas; the disparity in his work, a disparity which showed in some of his earlier and which is conspicuous in his later, consists largely in the disturbance of this balance.

In *Resurrection*, a work written by a doctrinaire for doctrinaires, this disparity has become excessive, though the sectary has, as it were, every here and there employed an irresponsible artist for amanuensis. In *Resurrection* everything and everybody is wrong to the hero, Prince Nekhlúdoff, except Prince Nekhlúdoff himself. Unconsciously, both to his author and himself, a supreme egoist, Prince Nekhlúdoff, this monopolist of virtue, this only possessor of the right moral idea which solves all questions, is the only normal person in a crowd of abnormalities. Yet in *Resurrection* the element which has always marked Tolstoy as the artist marks him again as the sectary. As, as artist, Tolstoy has implicitly always been in revolt against the emotion which convention assumes, and so often assumes wrongly, to exist,

so, in *Resurrection*, Prince Nekhlúdoſſ, the doctrinaire, is a revolter against every form of established institution, against every form of social *fabric*. Both as artist and sectary Tolstoy is anarchic, but if in fiction he has been the most persuasive, the most prevailing, the most justified revolutionary, it is not so with the doctrinaire. In the Prince Nekhlúdoſſ of the *Memoirs* which he wrote long ago, in Levin, in Pierre Bazouchoff and elsewhere, Count Tolstoy has frequently been the autobiographer of his own soul, or of aspects of it; but hitherto he has always seen himself dispassionately, temperately, as an idea among ideas. Prince Nekhlúdoſſ of *Resurrection*, this embodiment of the later Tolstoy, this young Russian aristocrat on whom the mantle of Christ has so fantastically fallen, is seen differently, seen in so far as he represents an idea, intemperately as it were and absolutely; though in Nekhlúdoſſ's reluctances, his hesitancies, his self-doubts in the path he has chosen, the irresponsible artist-amanuensis has stepped in and given touches of his own. That a thing is established cannot always amount to its condemnation; that most things in Russian life which Nekhlúdoſſ sees as wrong, are wrong, is probable; but Prince Nekhlúdoſſ, to whom everything is wrong, who will quarrel with a man's finger-nails or the button on his coat, is not the person to convince us. And yet, perhaps because of the long-drawn-out insistence of the story, we feel at last as if we were gradually becoming to regard as normal the view of the world as held in *Resurrection*, a morally jaundiced, perverted view, the hypothetic, ultra-christianised view, which puts all human nature, all life, into distortion.

Properly considered, art is perhaps only a part of ethics, but when, in one temperament, the claims of ethics, world-wide and overpowering, seem to be in opposition with the mere subtle claims of art, then art will probably fail to win. The opposition of the two claims in Tolstoy has been long, in his case inevitably so; for, as an artist, he has profoundly seen things as they are, and, at last, comes to found himself on a morality that does not see things as they are. How much yet disguised truth is by masks of tradition, of religion, by institutions and conventions, the higher art of our time has come to realise. As an artist, Tolstoy's genius has shown itself in a sort of passionate dispassionateness, in a profound analytic impressionism, in an effort to see that ancient entity the

thing as it actually is apart from prescription, compromise, and prepossession, above all in the detail of the soul ; and it is because he has been so great a revealer in this direction that he has set up a standard to which few writers get near. If, from being the artist of such perfect vision Tolstoy falls back on being a visionary, if as a great apostle of right his figure looms prophetic and large in Eastern Europe, still, and despite himself, Tolstoy the artist remains greater than Tolstoy the idealised moujik.

W. Dircks.

UNDER THE DOME

A Drawing by H. W. BREWER.



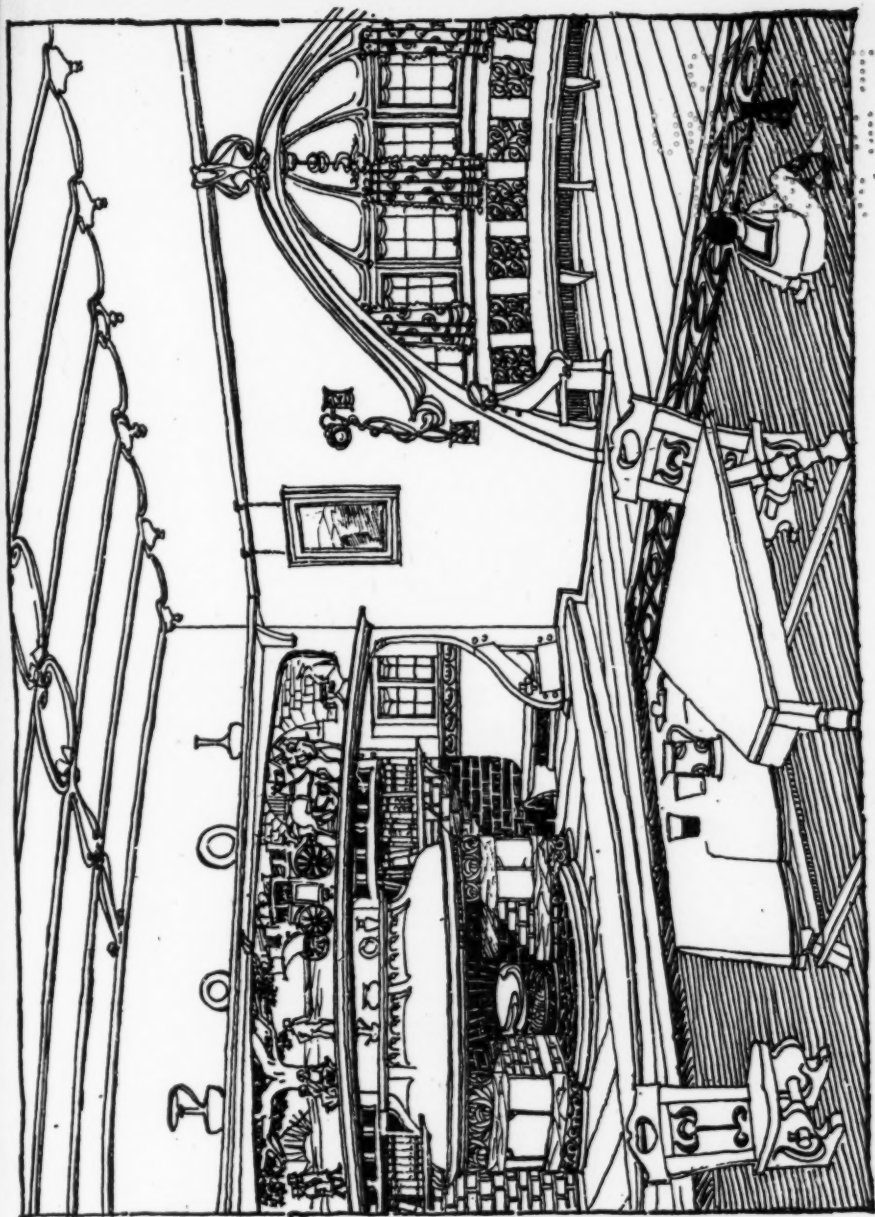
A. W. Brewer?



A SMOKE-ROOM

Designed by JOSEPH CROUCH and EDMUND BUTLER

THE Sketch facing this page is a suggestion for a Smoke-Room or "Den." Its principal features are the window and the fireplace. The former is deeply recessed, and would provide a tempting nook for after-luncheon coffee. It can be made as striking a feature of the outside of the house as of the inside of this particular apartment; though, of course, care must be taken so to treat it as to avoid all appearance of an afterthought, or of a thing "stuck on." The fireplace is intended to be executed in Caen stone, with brick-splayed jambs and sides. The broad seats shewn in the Sketch are to be left unupholstered, greater comfort and wholesomeness being secured by the use of removable cushions. The frieze over the fireplace should be carried out in plaster, coloured in subdued tones. Moulded plaster might be used for the ceiling, as indicated. It goes without saying, that the furniture in such a room will naturally seek to make no effect save that produced by simplicity of design and honesty of construction.



AODH TO DECTORA

A Song by W. B. YEATS

Set to Music by THOMAS F. DUNHILL

NOTE.—*This is the last of Three Songs entitled AODH TO DECTORA. They were first published in No. 5 of the Old (Quarterly) Series of THE DOME in May 1898, and have been reprinted in "THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS" (London: Elkin Mathews. 1899).*

AODH TO DECTORA.

Words by
W. B. YEATS.

Music by
THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

TENOR VOICE. *Andante tranquillo.* *p*

Half close your eye-lids, loosen your hair

PIANO. *pp* *simile.*

And dream a bout the great and their pride They have

cres. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

spo - - ken a- gainst you ev' - ry - where.

cres. *poco rit.* *a tempo. semplice.* *pp*

semplice.
p But weigh this song with the great and their pride

pp
 made it out of a mouthful of air; their children's children shall say

molto rit.
 they have lied

p *molto rit.* *a tempo al fine* *dim.* *pp* *ppp*

THE IRISH LITERARY THEATRE, 1900.

MR. MOORE has given reasons elsewhere why the founders of the Irish Literary Theatre believe good plays more possible in Ireland than in London; but I think he makes too much of these reasons when he makes them our chief impulse. I know that he and Mr. Martyn and myself, and those who are working with us, believe that we have things to say to our countrymen which it is our pleasure and our duty to say. If we write plays that are literature, and find people to like them, it will be because that strong imaginative energy, which is needed to fill with life the elaborate circumstance of a play, has not often come except as from a Sinai to some nation wandering as in the wilderness; but that strong imaginative energy comes among men, as I think, not because they have followed it from country to country, but because a genius greater than their own, and, it maybe, without their knowledge or their consent, has thrown its shadow upon them. Dionysius, the Areopagite, wrote that "He has set the borders of the nations according to His angels." It is these angels, each one the genius of some race about to be unfolded, that are the founders of intellectual traditions; and as lovers understand in their first glance all that is to befall them, and as poets and musicians see the whole work in its first impulse, so races prophesy at their awakening whatever the generations that are to prolong their traditions shall accomplish in detail. It is only at the awakening—as in ancient Greece, or in Elizabethan England, or in contemporary Scandinavia—that great numbers of men understand that a right understanding of life and of destiny is more important than amusement. In London, where all the intellectual traditions gather to die, men hate a play if they are told it is literature, for they will not endure a spiritual superiority; but in Athens, where so many

intellectual traditions were born, Euripides once made hostility enthusiasm by asking his playgoers whether it was his business to teach them or their business to teach him. New races understand instinctively, because the future cries in their ears, that the old revelations are insufficient, and that all life is revelation beginning in miracle and enthusiasm and dying out as it unfolds in what we have mistaken for progress. It is one of our illusions, as I think, that education, the softening of manners, the perfecting of law—countless images of a fading light—can create nobleness and beauty, and that life moves slowly and evenly towards some perfection. Progress is miracle, and it is sudden, because miracles are the work of an all-powerful energy; and nature in herself has no power except to die and to forget. If one studies one's own mind, one comes to think with Blake, that "every time less than a pulsation of the artery is equal to six thousand years, for in this period the poet's work is done; and all the great events of time start forth and are conceived in such a period, within a pulsation of the artery."

Scandinavia is, as it seems, passing from her moments of miracle; and some of us think that Ireland is passing to hers. She may not produce any important literature, but because her moral nature has been aroused by political sacrifices, and her imagination by a political preoccupation with her own destiny, she is ready to be moved by profound thoughts that are a part of the unfolding of herself. Mr. Martyn lit upon one of them in his "Heather Field," which shares it with old Celtic legends. He described a man who attained the divine vision as his brain perished, and our Irish playgoers had so much sympathy with this man that they hissed the doctors who found that he was mad. The London playgoers, whose life, as must be wherever success is too highly valued, is established in a contrary thought, sympathised with the doctors and held the divine vision a dream. This year Mr. Martyn will return to the same thought with his "Maive," which tells of an old woman, who begs her way from door to door in life and is a great and beautiful queen in faery, and who persuades a young girl to renounce life and seek perfection in death. Miss Milligan, not influenced by Mr. Martyn, or by anything but old legends, has the same thought in her "The Last Feast of the Fianna," which, as I think, would make us feel

the mortality and indignity of all that lives. Her bard Usheen goes to faery, and is made immortal like his songs; while the heroes and Grania, the most famous of the beautiful, sink into querulous old age. Mr. Moore, in his "The Bending of the Bough," the longest and most elaborate of our three plays, has written of the rejection of a spiritual beauty, which his play expounds as the ideal hope not of individual life, but of the race, its vision of itself made perfect; and the acceptance of mere individual life. His story, which pretends to describe the relations between two towns, one in the Celtic north and one in the Saxon south of a Scotland as vague as the sea-coast of Bohemia, describes the war of this vision with surrounding circumstance, and its betrayal by the light-souled and the self-seeking. It shows many real types of men and women in the fire of an impassioned satire, and will awaken some sleeping dogs. This thought of the war of immortal upon mortal life has been the moving thought of much Irish poetry, and may yet, so moving and necessary a thought it is, inspire many plays which, whether important or unimportant, shall have the sincerity of youth. It has come upon us not because we have sought it out, but because we share, as I think, a moiety of the blood and of the intellectual traditions of the race that gave romance and the kingdom of faery to European literature; and which has always waited with amorous eyes for some impossible beauty. Our daily life has fallen among prosaic things and ignoble things, but our dreams remember the enchanted valleys.

W. B. Yeats.

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